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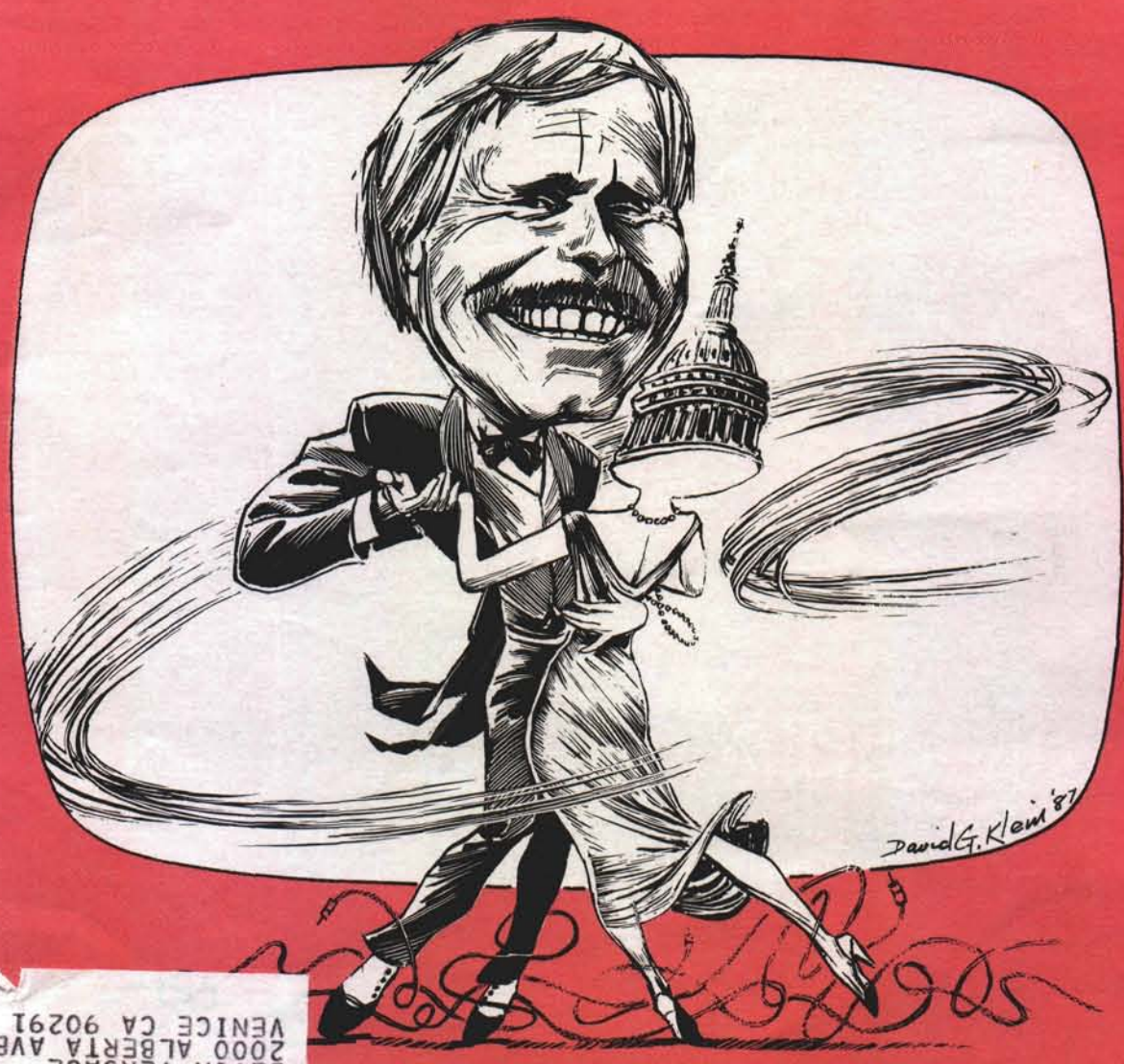
MARCH 1987 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Shooting Deer in Virginia • Shooting Baskets in Indiana

What's Wrong with Jack Kemp?

Ted Turner's Cable Scam, by Malcolm Gladwell



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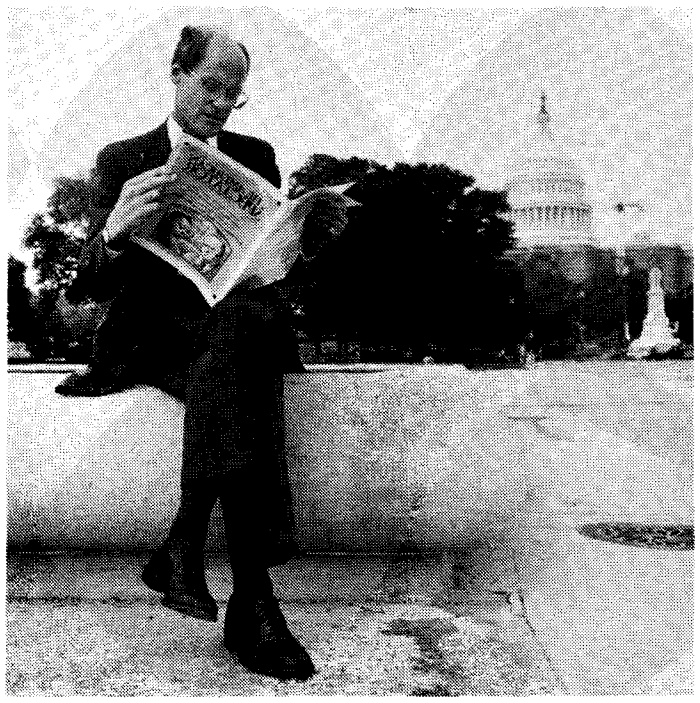

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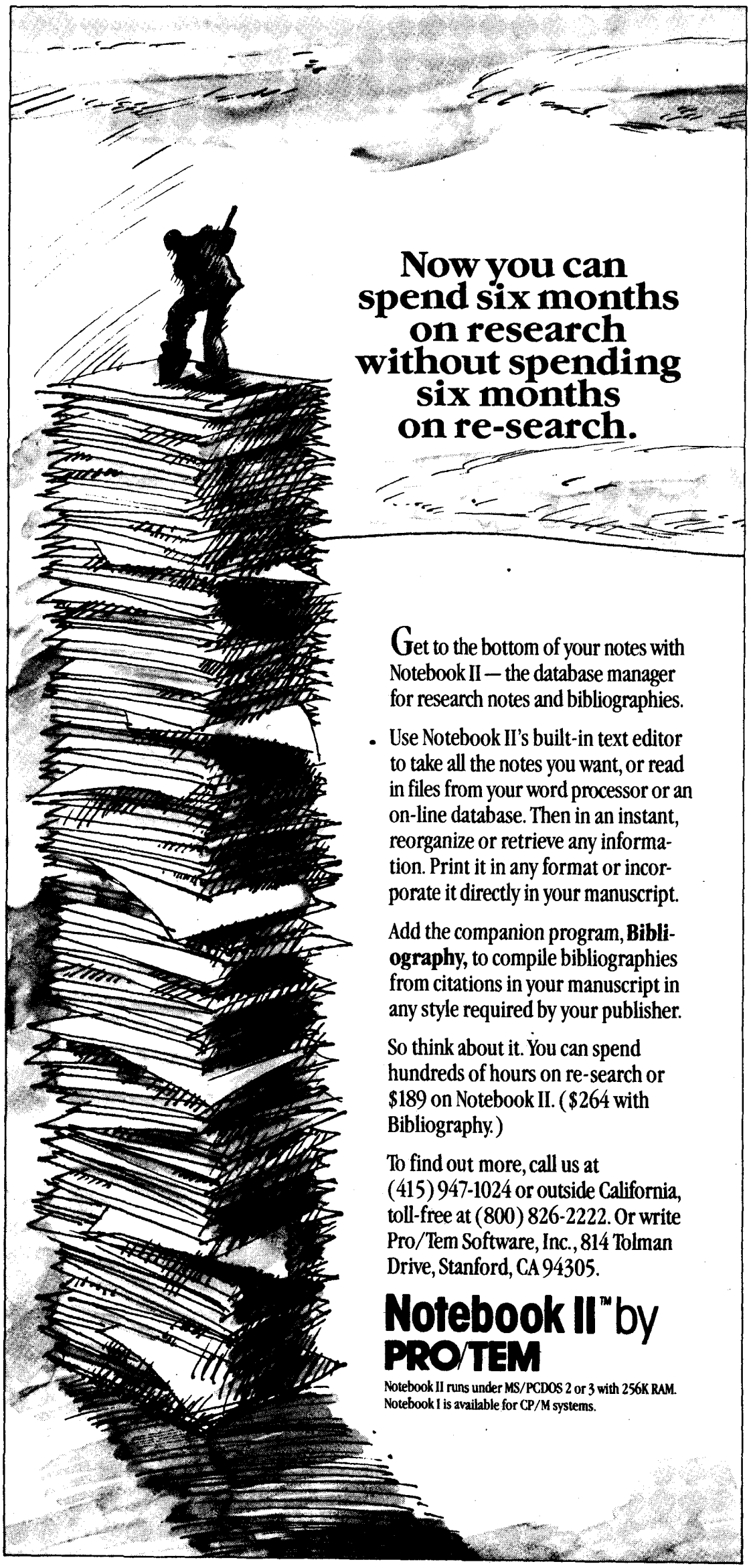
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Manhattan Institute

forum

"The Information Standard"

Is there a connection between the development of a world-wide information network and the growth of political and economic freedom?

Very definitely, according to Walter Wriston, author of *Risk and Other Four-Letter Words*. The rapid transmission of information has become a radical force for political change, he argues, with governments increasingly unable to control what their citizens hear from outside their borders—it is estimated that 80% of the news reaching the Third World is received through hand-held transistor radios. In the years ahead, the new Information Standard may even force us to redefine our ideas of sovereignty.

For example, the control of money has been decentralized, with central governments losing power to markets around the world linked by electronic networks. In many ways, the Information Standard is more Draconian than the gold standard, says Wriston...and it can't be repealed.

Risk and Other Four-Letter Words
by **Walter B. Wriston.**
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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•A very mild winter underwent stupendous change late in January when two pitiless snowstorms hit the East Coast and the Midwest, causing many Americans to rethink their childish enthusiasm for skiing and reminding them of all the lovely islands in the Caribbean just waiting for our 82nd Airborne. In the media, a series of revelations about the Reagan Administration's dealings in the Middle East and Central America shed new darkness on current events, though the political cognoscenti seemed not to notice that by late January Americans knew nothing more than they knew in December, and then they only knew what Attorney General Edwin Meese and an obscure Beirut magazine had told them. The Gallup Poll reported that 80 percent of the citizenry was not even very interested in the revelations. Moreover newspapers, television, and Congress suffered declines in credibility of 9 percent, 21 percent, and 8 percent, respectively. The President's favorable rating increased to 61 percent.

•In overseas news a Ugandan voodoo priestess sent an army of rebels to their deaths against government forces at Corner Kilak. A woman in Sapporo, Japan, wrote a 280-page book by winking. A Zimbabwean nurse, who doused a colleague in gasoline after the latter bit off her ear and swallowed it, was sentenced to four years in prison. Chancellor Helmut Kohl's center-right coalition won the West German elections, and *Stars and Stripes* won the right to challenge *Kookaburra III* for the America's Cup.

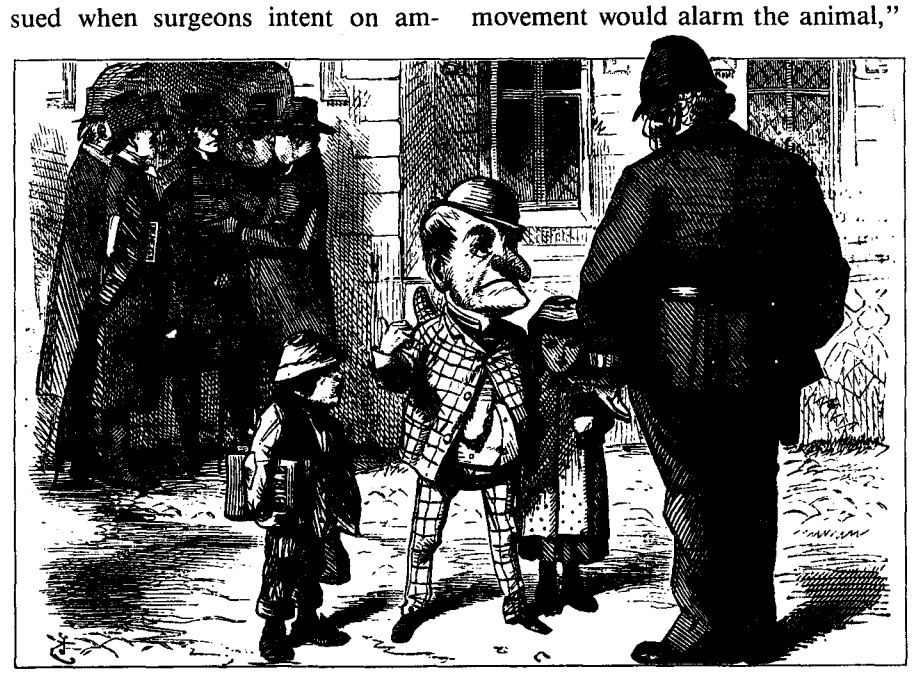
•Tens of thousands of students marched through Shanghai and Peking shouting slogans of libertarian import. The Chinese Communist Party's upscale newspaper, the *Guangming Daily*, gave qualified approval of the bikini bathing suit, and back in the USA the Justice Department released the very satisfactory finding that three of every 100 adult American males by the end of 1985 were incarcerated or under some other correctional supervision such as probation or the Stanford University graduate degree program. The 100th Congress opened with ominous timpani growling off stage.

•More damaging evidence of the threat posed by the natural order against mankind turned up when a very brave New Jersey health authority, Mr. Lester W. Jargowsky, divulged that the bacterial pollution that forced the closing of the beach near New Jersey's Kid's World Amusement Pier last summer was the lethal consequence of common bird excreta. Bird feathers, too, can be most unwholesome. Mr. Scott Thorson, 27, who until 1982 served as Mr. Liberace's full-time travel secretary, chauffeur, animal trainer, and poofter, has settled his palimony suit. Rather than the $113 million that he had sought, he is settling for $95,000 and the memories. According to Mr. Thorson's lawyer, the plaintiff had given up a promising career in dance for Mr. Liberace and had undergone painful surgery "to more closely conform his facial features to those of Liberace."

•After eight years of struggle in rural Petersburg, Indiana, Mr. Lloyd Thoren announced that he is closing his American Atheist Museum and moving it to environs more hospitable to a practicing atheist. In Petersburg "everyone got accustomed to us finally," Mr. Thoren assured the AP from his underground home behind the heavily fortified museum, for "I'm a very tolerant man." Mr. Thoren donated the museum's building and land to American Atheists, Inc., after Soviet officials failed to respond to his offer to donate the building to the Soviet Union. Mr. Thoren's next victim will be San Francisco. Mr. Dustin Hoffman is being sued over a death in his hot tub, and in Oveido, Spain, embarrassment ensued when surgeons intent on amputating a gangrenous leg discovered that they had removed the wrong one.

•West German authorities arrested Mohammed Ali Hamadi, one of the suspected murderers of U.S. Navy diver Robert Stethem, causing Beirut kidnappers to go into a kidnapping frenzy that left many Westerners eager to see above-ground nuclear testing resumed, this time in downtown Beirut. On January 22 the disgraced state Treasurer of Pennsylvania, Mr. R. Budd Dwyer, made a dreadful mess of his final press conference by blowing his brains out as the cameras rolled. The Department of Labor reported that in 1986 prices rose at the lowest rate in twenty-five years, 1.1 percent. President Reagan's New Year's message to the Soviet citizenry was mysteriously jammed, and in Manila Western journalists went on the alert after the progressive government of President Corazon Aquino announced that it would bar journalists from the presidential palace who "smell bad." Western deodorants and scented soaps have been a source of disquiet in Manila, and during the Marcos regime journalists used them at their peril, for palace officials frequently found them sexually arousing.

•In Orange Park, Florida, Miss Cheryl Hendry, an Orange Park High School Latin teacher, resigned her position to protest a school fund-raising event wherein a disgusting football coach aggressively kissed a helpless young pig. "My original concern was that the excitement of so much noise and so much movement would alarm the animal," explained Miss Hendry, an animal-rights rigorist and reader of the *New Republic*. In Raleigh, North Carolina, an unemployed construction worker, Mr. Robert Raymond Proulx, was charged with shooting a United Airlines jet during a hunting expedition near the wilds of Raleigh-Durham Airport. Health authorities are distributing 15,000 free prophylactics to teenagers in romantic Iceland to thwart the AIDS virus; and Miss Rumi Kume, a 23-year-old Japanese office worker with no prior political experience, won Tokyo's sixth annual Loud Voice contest.



•In the Hague the Dutch Parliament will cough up only $44,000 toward construction of a pink marble monument to commemorate the many valorous deeds effected by Dutch gays in their struggle against oppression, and in Rhyolite, Nevada, the hopes and dreams of transforming this ghost town into a model gay community were dashed when the community's Founding Fairies fell short of raising the necessary $2.5 million to buy it. They raised $100.

•Taking these setbacks into account along with bleak news of homosexual disease, the time has come to acknowledge that as a designation for homosexuality the word gay is a crass misnomer. It should be discarded by all thinking Americans of whatever sexual proclivity if they have any regard whatsoever for language and meaning. Etymologically, to use gay as a designation for homosexuality is, if you will pardon the expression, bull treacle; for as applied to sexual laxity the word originally designated heterosexual liaisons only. Not until heterosexuals abandoned the word for racier, trendier formulations could homosexuals grasp the tattered epithet as their own. Thus it is a hand-me-down.

•As a matter of pride, if not of terminological exactitude, the homosexual community should have a fresh designation, unsullied by the past and emblematic of some genuine characteristic of homosexual life. Homosexuals need not endure slur terms but should be given an attractive appellation that pleases them and represents them as they are. I think we can all agree that the word squash is such a word. Cephalic indices and empirical obser-

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vations of homosexuals at public demonstrations and on Halloween night in San Francisco have established that many homosexuals develop heads shaped very much like squash (*Curubita maxima*). Youthful, nicely-muscled homosexuals often have heads shaped like the well-known butternut squash, best served plain or with butter. Homosexuals less favored by nature frequently have heads reminiscent of the squat acorn squash, which is even tastier than the butternut, particularly when braised in brown sugar. Squash is native to the New World, and was a staple in the Native American's diet. It is 100 percent American and unlike the adjective gay can be embroidered on clothes and banners. Let us henceforth speak of our homosexuals as squashes. Let the universities hold their Squash Rights Week. And let us accord proper respect to the Squash Community.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Acid Rain Perspectives

I surely hope that Dixy Lee Ray's "The Great Acid Rain Debate" (*TAS*, January 1987) has finally put man's participation in the picture in proper perspective. To think that the Government has spent billions without coming to any conclusion worth considering should make taxpayers like me furious.

—E. B. Lyon
Port Orange, Florida

Hooray for Dixy Lee Ray—an excellent response to the acid rain hysteria. Of particular interest is her reference to the reduction of alkaline particulate "from industrial smoke." Starting in the 1920s, both industry and utilities in the U.S. switched from lump coal to pulverized coal. Pulverized coal at an average particle size of 70 microns resulted in 60 percent of the ash passing out the stack as fly ash. It is estimated that during the period from 1920 to 1960 some 5 to 10 million tons per year of alkaline fly ash passed into the atmosphere. There were no reports of acid rain during this period.

In addition to the billions spent on eliminating fly ash and acid gases, let's determine the cost-benefit of the effect of fly ash on the levels of *acid rain, smog, ozone*, and on the formation of *fertilizers* instead of acid rain.

—Allan E. Hokanson
Vice President
American Process Design, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Hope Not Soap

Considerably off-base were George Jean Nathan's comments regarding Jesse Jackson's failure to wash his hands after urinating ("The Washington Spectator," *TAS*, January 1987). Ritual hand-washing, akin to the morning-after-coitus female douching to "clean" the vagina, went out of style more than a generation ago.

Inside the underpants of the male is almost exclusively the colon bacillus, a mild pathogen at worst, found almost everywhere. . . .

It is during the interurination contacts that the hands become contaminated with all sorts of germs, some of which may be lethal. For self-protection the prudent male will wash his hands before entering the urinal stall. Mr. Nathan makes no mention of whether Jesse did that. . . .

—William Hazlett, M.D.
Kingston, Pennsylvania

I was shocked at your reporting of Jesse Jackson's personal habits.

Need you stoop so to fill space?

—Linda De Sterfano
Fairfield, Connecticut

Modest Proposals

Yes, AIDS is a horror. Before this epidemic is over, its effects may bring the Holocaust to mind. But to impose lifelong quarantine upon everyone that has been exposed to the virus, as Christopher Monckton proposes ("AIDS: A British View," *TAS*, January 1987), would be to allow AIDS not only to rob countless Americans of their lives but also to rob us all of our fundamental liberties—thus perfecting the resemblance to the Holocaust. Granted, Monckton acknowledges that (at present anyway) his proposal is too extreme to be acceptable to most Americans; but he is plainly more dismayed than cheered by this fact.

Ever since the time of Patrick Henry, Americans have claimed to prize liberty as dearly as life. I'm afraid that in the coming years the spread of AIDS will sorely test this claim. But we must stand firm. We must, as Andrew Ferguson implies, maintain our dedication to "limited government, prudence, and individual responsibility." And we must hold before ourselves the words of Benjamin Franklin: "Those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety."

—Bruce Bawer
New York, New York

Christopher Monckton's article was like a breath of fresh air compared to much of the tripe that has appeared in the media on this disease. Dr. Ward Cates of the Centers for Disease Control has said that AIDS has the potential to be "much worse than anything mankind has seen before." And yet, the complete paralysis of the public health authorities in the face of the AIDS epidemic is in sharp contrast to the vigorous action they took only a few decades ago whenever an occasional case of smallpox or bubonic plague was found to have entered the U.S.

Monckton attributes this paralysis to public agencies being "over-anxious to avoid offending high-risk groups or arousing unreasonable discrimination against known carriers of the disease." I think an additional factor is the widespread feeling of hopelessness in the face of many problems confronting us today, particularly in view of the dismal failure of liberal attempts to solve them. For example, our bull-in-the-china-shop efforts in Cuba helped Castro impose the Marxist-Leninist dictatorship whose barbarism is so eloquently described in Armando Valladares's book, *Against All Hope*. Similar unwise efforts by the liberals overthrew the Shah of Iran and gave us Khomeini. The counterproductive results of the welfare state are well documented by Charles Murray in *Losing Ground*.

One could go on and on listing liberal failures. But perhaps the situation could be summed up by saying that the widespread notion that Communism is dead (at least among Lenin's idiots; of course, it was never alive among conservatives) should be expanded to cover liberalism as well. If liberalism is indeed dead, then it is up to conservatives to take the lead in dealing with problems like 1) AIDS (advocating vigorous action to stop this burgeoning plague); 2) poverty (advocating approaches designed to build a dynamic free enterprise economy, perhaps learning lessons from Japan's extraordinary success); and 3) the spreading red tide of the Soviet evil empire (advocating actions to curb Soviet aggression in all its forms: for example, aiding freedom fighters everywhere in the world).

If conservatives won't tackle these problems, and liberals can't, who will?

—Edward Darmohray
Alexandria, Virginia

Christopher Monckton proposed universal testing and then isolation of victims. Before we throw up our hands and plunge our craniums into the oven of despair over inability to do anything about promiscuous sexual transmission of AIDS, we should apply the Wonders of Modern Technology to the special human needs of every sexual person facing the AIDS abyss. Common existing components can be assembled in an array which can assist the promiscuous to have non-fatal sex.

Picture this: Lovers who have reached a point of mutual romantic inclination (and before the point-of-no-return is passed), produce and exchange their special ID cards. The cards would consist of an attractive background in tasteful colors with a design fully expressing the owner's being and personality. The picture would show the owner in a suitably expressive and alluring pose. Across the bottom would be the owner's personal Universal Product Code. Each takes the other's card and runs a light pen across the UPC. The light pen is attached to a special paging device which transmits the owner's UPC and the "guest" UPC to a central computer. There, the current coupling of UPCs is stored in the permanent memory bank, and each "guest's" past liaison history is screened. Finding no AIDS infection or contact in the pedigree, the computer picks a Morse Code letter at random and broadcasts it to the two paging devices. They both blink and beep the code simultaneously, signaling that love, or whatever, may begin.

If love wilts for some reason and the mucous membranes fail to meet, then the participant must telephone the computer's 800-number and tell the person at the desk, who writes a brief delete-linkage note for the paper files and activates the delete linkage capability on the system so the computer can talk to the beeper over the telephone. With this system, whenever love begins whatever things would then be exchanged would not include AIDS.

And of course there would be a need for small businesspeople to furnish and service all related software and hardware.

—Darryl Davis
Seattle, Washington

Joint Employment Clarified

Rael Jean Isaac's "Legal Services and the Farmer" in the November edition is a Jim Dandy. It is thoroughly researched and very well written, except for one point that I would like to clarify.

(continued on page 50)

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EDITORIALS

CONSERVATIVE COOGLERS

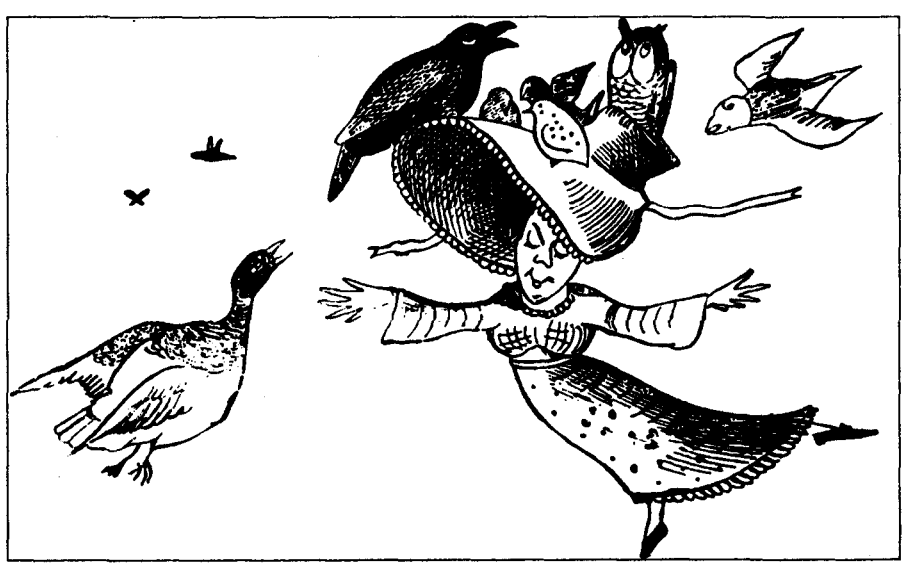
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The announcement of this year's J. Gordon Coogler Awards for the worst books of 1986 is, conservative that I am, heavy labor, relieved solely by the reliable banality of authoress Sally Quinn, whose pedestrian attempt at fiction has assured her a Coogler for worst novel. La Quinn is, as the term is understood in these parts, a liberal. The remaining Coogler and both runners-up are, alas, going to conservatives. This is unusual, for over the years the vast majority of Coogler laureates and runners-up have been liberals, socialists, and worse. Yet conservatives are no longer content with making money and paying the nation's bills. Many now are writing books, and so we see the unhappy consequences: three of the four authors recognized for sins against literature in 1986 are of the right and one is the natural daughter of the President, though also a vegetarian.

In fiction La Quinn's *Regrets Only* takes all cakes. Even if Philip Roth's latest novel had come out in 1986 rather than in early 1987, he would not have preempted her. *Regrets Only* is rubbish of a kind that is unsurpassable. The authoress has only a charwoman's mastery of the English language, no wit and less taste. In the professional judgment of literary critic Andrew Ferguson [See "Powertown Cupcake," *TAS*, November 1986], *Regrets Only* is unreadable, "windy and empty." These objections are tendered in a constructive spirit; it is to be hoped that Miss Quinn will take them to heart and never again write another novel or despoil any other literary form, for that matter. The runner up for the fiction award goes to *Home Front* by the President's daughter, Miss Patti Davis. One would think that as Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces and an influential figure with the CIA and the FBI, the President could have made some felicitous arrangement to keep *Home Front* out of sight.

This year's Coogler laureate for nonfiction is David Stockman. His grueling *The Triumph of Politics* has just been released in paperback with a spiteful "postscript" in the author's own inimitable style, reemphasizing his basic roguishness. A Professor Louis Filler, compiler of the *Dictionary of American Conservatism*, finished second to Mr. Stockman. This is somewhat surprising, for Professor Filler is apparently a disciple of Dr. Russell Kirk, the eminent antiquarian. Yet the book is disfigured by blunders to the point where it becomes not a reference book at all but a mere rectangle of idiot pulp. Moreover, at times the writing is wholly unintelligible—or is it just me? Read this reference to the scholar Eric Voegelin and decide for yourself: "He wrote of *Israel and Revelation*, which he saw as 'reduced' by Toynbee and Spengler—who thought man believed because 'he needs' to believe, not because Revelation is true." Or try this: "In famous examples, a feather in a field suggested a bird, on a desk a pen."

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



Mr. Stockman merits more attention. Of the aforementioned writers he possesses the most talent, but for what? When he began as Ronald Reagan's first director of the Office of Management and Budget, he had forsaken liberalism for neoconservatism and supply-side economics. In 1975 he wrote a very competent essay for Irving Kristol's neoconservative quarterly, *The Public Interest*, wherein he elucidated the difficulty of rendering the U.S. Congress fiscally responsible. The Congress's continued profligacy during his tenure at OMB, however, maddened him. Still more maddening was the President's decision to invigorate the economy with tax cuts whose attendant deficits at least had the benefit of slowing Congress's impulse to spend. Mr. Stockman had decided on a Reagan Administration "frontal assault on the American welfare state," and because the President would not follow his dictates we have now lived through six years of "fiscal disaster." Bask in the disaster.

Mr. Stockman's talent is for delusion. He believes that the world is precisely as he says it is, notwithstanding abundant evidence to the contrary. Thus the embarrassing revelations of this book embarrass only his friends. The ignorant assertions, the vulgarity, the ignoble deeds faze him not at all. In essence Mr. Stockman is the paradigmatic 1960s brat. Dogmatic in his views, he is ceaselessly self-serving in his actions. He is a very good reason for resurrecting the word cad. As a memoir of public service the book is utterly without merit. It reveals no values, only a lack of values. It reveals very little useful information and much error—Stockman's intellectual idol, Walter Lippmann, was no more the founder of the *New Republic* than Joseph Stalin. As with so many of his fellow 1960s brats, Mr. Stockman is earnest without being serious. What is more, he is an execrable writer.

Having seen the television documentary "The Conservatives," I regret that we award no Cooglers for film. Doing so would emphasize the flaws that crept into much conservative endeavor last year. The film was marked by the same defensiveness, self-regard, fatuousness, and vague anti-intellectualism that has stalked many of us recently. It was solemn to the point of being funereal. It was ill-informed, never explaining how the different elements of libertarianism and neoconservatism found their way into the Reagan coalition. It never bothered to explain how or why conservatives who were so unpopular in 1964 suddenly won the White House in 1980. And it said nothing about the long struggle of the anti-New Left students of the 1960s who today are at the forefront of conservatism in and out of government.

If this small-minded, backward-looking conservatism does not snap out of its cloud of unknowing and face the world as it is today, its contribution to contemporary American political life will be about as substantial as that made by the nudists or the beatniks or the Shakers. At times one suspects that this is about all some conservatives want or expect of themselves. □

THE DIVER

Your introduction to Sam Hall probably came on Monday, December 15, when it was reported that the Dayton, Ohio furniture salesman had been arrested in Nicaragua on spy charges. My introduction came many years before, on a pool deck in the early 1960s. Hall was then one of the greatest competitive divers in the world, and after winning silver medals in the Pan American Games and the Rome Olympics he had come to dive with the same

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team that I swam on, Doc Counsilman and Hobie Billingsley's Indiana University team, probably the best swimming team of all time.

In those days the Indiana team—competing as the Indianapolis Athletic Club in summers and Indiana University in winters—beat the best Olympic teams in the world. Hall had competed for Ohio State University, but upon graduation he joined Indiana's summer program. Silver medals were not to his liking. He was a keen competitor, and in search of the best coaching he moved to Indiana. What brought him to Nicaragua is more complicated.

As an athlete he had been incomparable. He was rated 44th in the nation in the late 1950s but rose to the top in one year. To a particularly exacting sport he brought extraordinary talent, perseverance, and execution under pressure. He was not the kind of vaguely repulsive fellow so many star athletes turn out to be. To this day former teammates and coaches remember him as being unusually personable. He was the all-American boy, energetic, amusing, vivacious. He did not seem to be complicated or disagreeable. Diving is part sport, part showmanship. Before thousands of people rapt in silent attention one rises from the board, elegantly contorts the body, and drops it into a pool, leaving the surface a sheet of glass. Hall was a stupendous showman.

He was not very political. In the 1960 Olympics a Soviet flag was stolen by members of the American team after an admirable show of fisticuffs. You have my solemn testimony that Hall was not a party to this derring-do. There were some Cold Warriors on that team but Hall was not one of them. The all-American boy, then as now, eschews politics. He is straight, and Hall was very straight. The story is told about how during the 1959 Pan American Games he eagerly awaited the results of his recently married wife's pregnancy tests. He was elated when the tests showed positive. A month or so later, when his wife had a miscarriage after participating in a baseball game, he divorced her. To his rigid way of thinking it was reckless of his wife to compete in athletics while pregnant. So perhaps the likable Sam Hall was more complicated than he seemed.

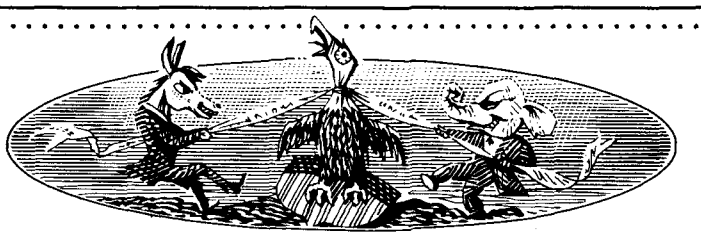
Everyone hangs on his own cross, as the poet says. The life of the accomplished athlete has its many pleasures: victories, travel, fame. But most of all there is the excitement. As the athlete gets older, and if he has any capacity for philosophical reflection whatsoever, he realizes the excitement is the dearest pleasure of sport. It keeps one's mind off life's little puzzles, such as "what the hell am I doing on this remorseless orb?"

The excitement of sport ended for Hall in the early 1960s. Then he sought other excitement. "He got lost in the shuffle," his old coach Hobie Billingsley reports. Billingsley has coached over 100 national champions and two American Olympic teams. He knows about athletes lost in the shuffle. Hall has wandered through two of the most chaotic decades in American history. The customs and values laid down for the all-American boy of 1960 had changed many by the time Sam Hall reemerged from the shuffle at Punta Huete on December 15.

Now he had become an anti-Communist mercenary or anti-terrorist or some such fantastico. He claims to have been in Nicaragua as a member of some gimcrack outfit called "the Phoenix Battalion." In 1965 he gave up

(continued on page 50)

CAPITOL IDEAS



SHEPHERDS IN THE LOCALITY

by Tom Bethell

I went to Midnight Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco —Archbishop John Quinn celebrating. It's one of those ultra-modern structures, as unornamented in its way as a Shaker meeting house; in mood more reminiscent of a U.N. building than a cathedral. The symbols of Roman Catholicism were quite inconspicuous. There was conversation and even some laughter in the huge congregation, seated as though at a concert. A harpist in a red evening dress struck a seasonal medley for openers.

According to the latest translation of St. Luke's gospel, read from the lectern on this Christmas night, "There were shepherds in the locality."

This struck me as demolition masquerading as translation. What has been gained by the removal of "abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night"?

Excerpts from the Archbishop's homily: Jesus was "born in exile," a "refugee." He is, therefore, "marginalized, and poor." And so he "identifies himself with all those who are poor, marginalized, refugees—exiles." He added to the list, as though almost forgetting: "And cripples."

"Is this what we see when we see the marginalized, the poor, the homeless, and the powerless around us?" Archbishop Quinn went on. Around me was a large, evidently prosperous, non-marginalized, non-refugee, middle-class congregation, sitting patiently in the vast, circular, somewhat drafty, raw-concrete-and-glass, U.N.-like cathedral.

The shepherds, too, were marginalized—"considered outcasts at that time."

Well, maybe. But what about the good shepherds?

A few days later I went to the church of the Most Holy Redeemer, in the Castro district of San Francisco. This area is much frequented by homosexuals, who according to one estimate may comprise as much as 25 percent of the city's population. More than 1600 San Franciscans, many of them from the Castro area, have died of AIDS. I had heard that the church was opening a hospice, and according to a brochure in the back of the church, Hospice of San Francisco "is converting the Convent of the Most Holy Redeemer Church into a residential hospice facility housing 15 people."

What Will the Program Be Like: The basic services to be provided in the hospice residence are safe and healthful living accommodations, personal assistance and care, supervision and observation, food and laundry service, plus the hospice services usually provided in the home by Hospice of San Francisco: nursing, social work and volunteer support. Family and friends will be encouraged to spend time with their loved ones. Activities suitable to the individual's needs will be provided, including art, music, literature, meditation and spiritual services.

Not much about religion here. Perhaps it can be smuggled in if it's among "the individual's needs."

A priest in San Francisco told me that the Theology Department of a Catholic college in the Bay area recently hired a witch as an assistant theologian. I can believe this. A few years ago I would have assumed this was hyperbole, but now I take it literally. I mean, there are people who call themselves witches (they even have witches' conventions), and they have a disconcerting way of acting like witches. Why not take them at their word?

In her beautifully written book, *The Desolate City: Revolution in the Catholic Church*, just published by Harper & Row, Anne Roche Muggeridge touches on this subject in the following arresting passage:

> Before Vatican II, nuns were totally committed to the traditional eschatological world view. I remember with awe from my several years as a novice in a religious order the intensity of their sublimation of natural maternal yearnings, and the energy and passion it lent to the work of the Church. The shock of the revolution was too much for many of them to bear. Their souls became like the empty houses into which wandering devils enter and dwell. There is a real stink of brimstone at gatherings dominated by feminist nuns, especially at their liturgies, a creepy neo-paganism with strong suggestions of sexual perversion.

Anne Roche's husband, John, is the son of Malcolm Muggeridge, and her book, suitably tinged with the characteristic Muggeridgean pessimism, is one that he might have been proud to

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Tom Bethell is a visiting media fellow at the Hoover Institution and The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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write himself. It is the best introduction that I know of to the contemporary revolt within the Catholic Church.

Within the American branch, as the recent, well-publicized cases of Charles Curran and Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen suggest, we have something approaching a full-scale rebellion on our hands; a rebellion against Rome, but also against the very idea of objective truth. Ultimately the rebellion, like Lucifer's, is against man's created (hence dependent) state.

In its overall shape this rebellion is remarkably congruent with the ongoing secular-progressive revolt against Western civilization. (Unusually explicit witness to this revolt was to be found in Stanford University's *Campus Report*, January 21, 1987, describing a campus march led by Rev. Jesse Jackson in support of a new course "emphasizing the contribution of women and minorities to Western culture": "During the march, several choruses of 'Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western culture has got to go' rang out. When the marchers paused to hear Jackson's impromptu talk, he said: 'The issue is not that we don't want Western culture. We're from the West,' but other cultures also should be studied.")

Until the mid-sixties it seemed possible that the Catholic Church might proceed in sublime disregard of this secular upheaval, but now it is clear that the Barque of St. Peter is itself caught up in the storm, and listing noticeably, although far from capsized.

In a brilliant image, Joe Sobran put it to me recently that the Catholic Church is in the present day "possessed." And just as the exorcist must remember never to engage the possessed one in conversation (because the devil or devils will always outwit the exorcist), so today the rebel forces inside the Catholic Church repeatedly say that they want nothing more than a chance to "dialogue" with Rome.

The ecclesiastical agenda of progressives within the church dovetails with the secular agenda of progressives outside it. Note the keen interest displayed by secular newspapers like the *New York Times* in what might well seem to their editors marginal matters: the canonical status of a theologian in a Washington, D.C. university; a Rome-decreed shift in the jurisdictional authority of a prelate in Seattle. One can well imagine old hands on the News Desk yawning at such developments. The Catholic Church is a voluntary organization, after all. No one has to join it. Nonetheless these have become national issues. Why? Because the secular media recognize that the fate of *their* agenda is very much bound up with the fate of "dissenters" (or heretics as they used to be called) within the Catholic Church.

Rebel clergy and theologians represent themselves today as seeking only "openness," "dialogue," "debate," and so on. How innocuous! All they want is a little more "questioning." Thus the work of undermining faith proceeds under the guileful rubric of free inquiry. Decentralization becomes the watchword—that way the bishop of Rome may equal the bishop of Seattle who may equal the lay member in his diocese. Down with hierarchy! And while we're at it, let's get rid of that altar rail—a "barrier," beyond which only the (all-male) elite may tread. (Those who are not familiar with Roman Catholicism in America should be advised that churches can now be divided into those that still have altar rails [unprogressive], and those that have banished them. San Francisco's cathedral decidedly does not. There are other such symbols which have acquired ideological overtones, but space does not permit . . .)

Notice that the very dissenters who seek to abolish an ecclesiastical hierarchy are eager to replace it with a secular one. Decentralization is for them a "double standard"—a pretext, not a principle. The recent bishops'

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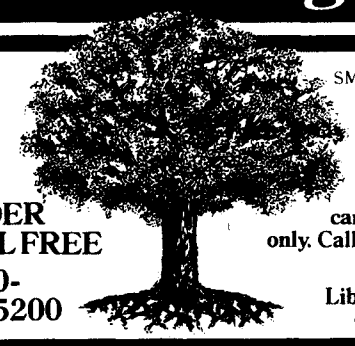

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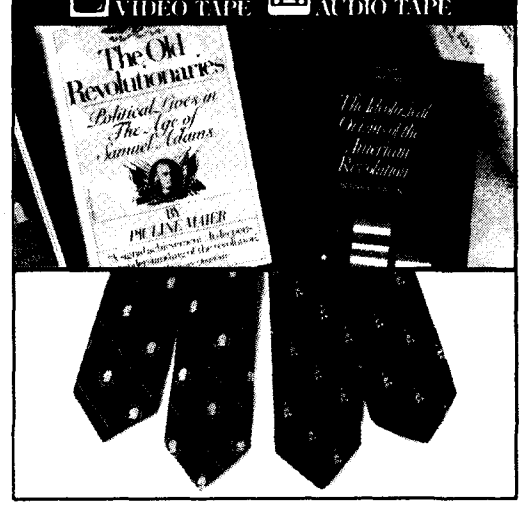

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pastoral on the economy, for example, urges a recentralization of economic life, thereby enabling a few powerful people in Washington (a secular Curia, if you will) to tell the rest of us how we should live our lives.

What this suggests, I believe, is an underlying loss of religious faith. In its place has been substituted a secular faith in a transformed human nature. G. K. Chesterton said that when people stop believing in God they don't believe in nothing, they believe in anything. Perhaps this should be amended because in so many cases apostates believe not in anything but quite specifically in socialism—the "vision of a new society," as it is so often described. This also explains why so many of our clerical dissenters simultaneously preach a laying-down of American arms. The Soviet Union is already socialist—so why quarrel with it?

A writer in this field whose output I strongly recommend is Richard Cowden-Guido, his book, *Report from the Synod: John Paul II and the Battle for Vatican II*, having been recently published by Trinity Communications. As those who have seen his "Press-watch" column in the weekly newspaper the *Wanderer* will know, his headlong, energetic style makes for compulsive reading, and in this book he sustains the performance for over 400 pages.

His ostensible topic is the November, 1985, Synod of Bishops in Rome, but in practice he ranges more widely. At the outset he addresses the following quandary. Orthodox Roman Catholics are expected to believe that the church's Ecumenical Councils are inspired by the Holy Spirit. If so, how can so much of the turmoil visible in the church today be traced back to changes that were authorized by (and presumably would not have occurred without) the Second Vatican Council (1962-65)?

"So what happened?" Cowden-Guido asks. He gives two answers, the first suggesting that we look at this too parochially. "The reality of Vatican II has produced a great flowering of the faith in what is known as the Third World, particularly, though not exclusively, in Africa. Indeed, there is no question that one of the chief accomplishments of the Council was to loosen the Church's historical dependence on Europe, and, one might say, in the nick of time."

Secondly, he believes, Modernism had already built up a considerable **head of steam by 1962, at which point "the Western world was preparing for a furious burst of nihilism—disguised** at first, of course, as idealism." The revolt was coming anyway, in other words, and might well have been worse without Vatican II. When in earlier centuries Ecumenical Councils were convened to clarify church teaching, "with few exceptions the heresies spread even more rapidly following the Councils, only to die down, and often enough to die out, with the passing decades and sometimes centuries."

So what does the future hold in store? "Perhaps the current regime in Rome will slap a few more wrists in a futile effort to stop the liberal movements launched by the Second Vatican Council," Anne Roche quotes Thomas Sheehan as saying. A professor of philosophy at the Jesuit University of Loyola in Chicago, he crowed that "the dismantling of traditional Roman Catholic theology, by Catholics themselves, is by now a *fait accompli*." One respects his candor at least. The rebels are normally more cautious than this.

It is true that Rome has not yet proceeded beyond the wrist-slapping stage. There is understandable fear of a schism. But past revolutionary periods have been followed by surprisingly effective counter-reformations, and that is where we may be headed today. The high quality of recent converts at so inauspicious a moment suggests such a development. □

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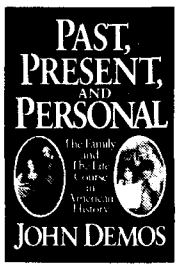

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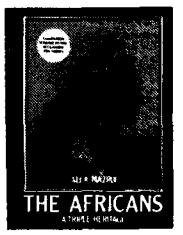

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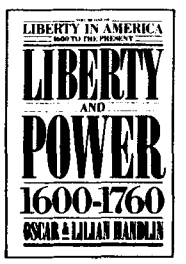

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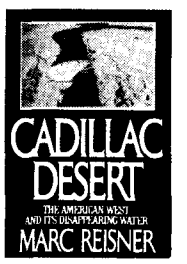

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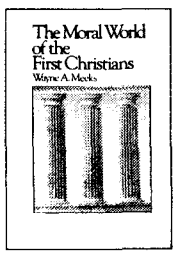

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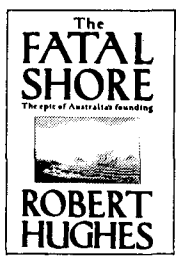

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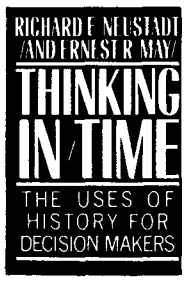

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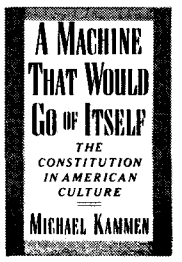

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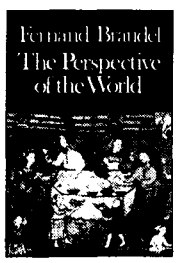

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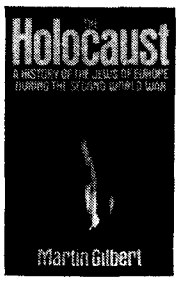

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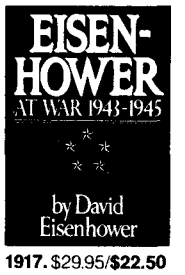

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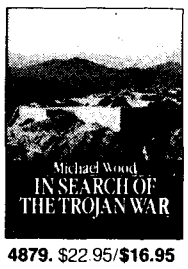

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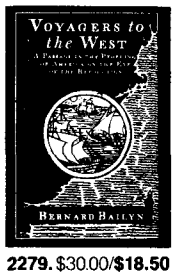

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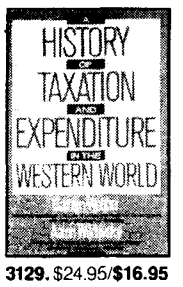

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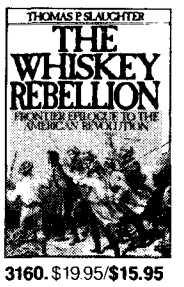

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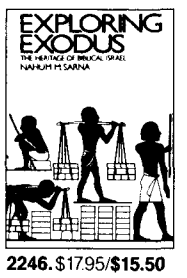

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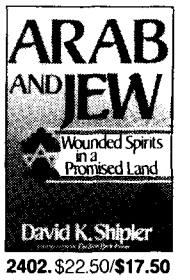

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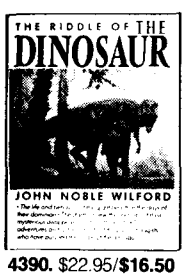

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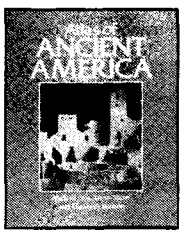

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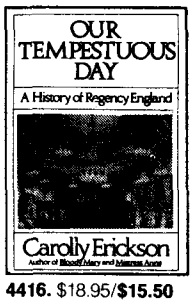

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Gordon Jackson

KEMP ON THE DEFENSIVE

Why is Jack having trouble locating his receivers?

Why haven't conservatives united behind the candidacy of Jack Kemp, who is both a pioneer of the Reagan Revolution and arguably the most legitimate heir to its leadership? Despite seemingly sterling credentials in conservative circles, Kemp can't crack double figures in polls of Republican party members, trailing not only the Vice President but such lackluster performers in the 1980 primaries as Robert Dole and Howard Baker. Surely just those activists one would expect to be on the Kemp bandwagon by now would total close to 20 percent of such polls and put Kemp within easy striking distance of Bush and ahead of candidates who have never found a constituency.

The situation is certainly not irredeemable, and in the Kemp camp is dismissed as merely a name recognition problem, easily overcome by an early primary victory. That view is plausible; Gary Hart and Jimmy Carter, to take two recent examples of strong primary performers, scarcely showed up in polls in 1983 and 1975. But a Kemp candidacy has been a given for years. He has been a national figure, in the middle of important policy debates, for a decade. Clearly, his difficulties go beyond name recognition. Candidate Kemp has a few minor defects to overcome, but far more of the blame for his failure to generate momentum must be attributed to the conservative "movement" itself, which has, to all appearances, been rendered factious and somewhat frivolous by access to power.

The case for Kemp as the obvious conservative standard bearer is compelling. Turning first to the bread and butter issue—how much bread and butter a taxpayer can preserve from government: Kemp is, of all the contenders, clearly the best prepared to hold the fort against Stockmanomics. A nation beguiled by Ronald Reagan's free market rhetoric is probably unaware just how strong the inside-the-Beltway consensus for raising taxes is. Austerity Republicans, Democrats lusting for new spending programs, the prestige press, all join together in a chorus for higher taxes. It never recedes, week after week, talk show after show. In contending that Reaganomics has failed because the deficit is the sun of the economic solar system and that it presages disaster without a tax increase, Stockman reflects the conventional wisdom of Washington. The pressure to "look at revenues," as Dole puts it, will be nearly irresistible in the next few years.

The Republicans currently running ahead of Kemp can almost certainly be counted on to succumb to that pressure, probably not unwillingly. Bush may swear allegiance now to what he once called "voodoo economics," but anyone who thinks he fully shares the President's conviction against raising taxes had best not bet the IRA on it. Dole and Baker, consummate Capitol Hill denizens, have never been able to look beyond Congress's bottom line.

Among other possible nominees, Pete du Pont could probably be counted on to defend Reaganomics, but his supply-side pedigree doesn't compare to Kemp's. Kemp's is the mind in which Reaganomics coheres in all its particulars. Not only would he hold the fort, he would set Sam Donaldson's head to spinning with marginal rates, commodity prices, and depreciation schedules. He has been fighting to make the U.S. economy growth-oriented since shortly after Watergate. He has a vision, and policy prescriptions in elaborate detail to realize it.

The Reagan economic policy is viewed outside Washington as a success, but it is far from being completely in place. Who better to shepherd it into the 1990s than its principal political progenitor?

Kemp is also an obvious choice for the social conservatism constituency, but they don't seem to know it. In Congress, only Reps. Henry Hyde and Chris Smith have been as far out front as Kemp on anti-abortion measures in recent years. Pro-life activists who have worked closely with Kemp on this legislation are completely convinced that his commitment to the issue is genuine and deep.

Those who think the presidency's bully pulpit should be employed extensively to articulate moral values should take a close look at the speeches Kemp delivers frequently to such groups as Concerned Women of America, Liberty Baptist College, and the National Right to Life Convention. He sees no contradiction between his free market vision of a dynamic capitalism and policies that preserve vital traditions, institutions, and creeds. He is convinced that economic liberty is meaningless without spiritual regeneration and a strong moral infrastructure, and he makes the case powerfully. His speeches on the subject constitute some of the best peace-time political rhetoric of recent years.

One gets the impression that the clamor among conservatives for a Pat Buchanan, Paul Laxalt, or Pat Robertson to enter the race has something to do with a belief that Kemp has insufficient conviction about the social issues. If so, somebody's not paying attention. If anything, Kemp would probably take better advantage of the bully pulpit in this regard than Reagan has, since Kemp's beliefs are not merely visceral, but thoroughly intellectualized.

Kemp also takes a consistently hard line against Soviet aggression. He is one of the chief congressional proponents of SDI, calling for deployment of existing technology as soon as it becomes possible. A member of the Kissinger Commission, he has spoken strongly and often on behalf of the contras—again, apparently to deaf ears. Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus was pushing Buchanan

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hard to run, primarily because he believes Buchanan would be a much stronger and clearer voice on national security matters.

Kemp appears best prepared of the Republicans for the general election, having spent years developing an alternative anti-poverty program that will defuse the compassion issue Democrats can be counted on to raise. Remarkably, Kemp has put himself in a position to contest the Democrats for the votes of organized labor and blacks, groups with which he has worked hard to develop strong ties. He is also the best bet to keep the baby-boomer vote in the Republican camp, offering the pocketbook issues, a pro-family agenda targeted to young parents growing more conservative, and a JFK-like appeal to youthful idealism.

So why, given all these apparent attractions for conservatives, can't he solidify a base of thoughtful activists? Why have conservatives been all ears whenever a Laxalt, Robertson, or Buchanan candidacy is mentioned?

Part of the problem may have to do with the perception of Kemp's personality. He is transparently intelligent and quite articulate, and appears rather well pleased with himself for it. He seems often tempted to radiate a little more brilliance than his audience appreciates. The swaggering quarterback's confidence that inspired the Buffalo Bills is still there, but may no longer be a professional asset. And there is the blow dry factor: many who do recognize Kemp's name seem to associate it first with a hair dryer. Kemp can deliver flag-waving stem winders to match any of Ronald Reagan's; in doing so, however, he needs to be careful not to appear insincere, after the fashion of a fraternity boy patronizing geeks who have wandered into the rush party.

Low key and avuncular, like a Reagan or Laxalt, Kemp isn't. The flame of intellect burns too brightly within him, and the competitive instincts of his football days have been channeled into a keen zest for polemics. He has, however, been coming across lately as less cocky, and it should be remembered that he is a deeply religious man who often quotes approvingly the Chesterton maxim that one should be humble about his moral worth, but ferocious in advancing his beliefs—a prescription Reagan has always seemed to embody perfectly.

Kemp's colleagues do not always give him the benefit of the doubt. Though he is less argumentative than earlier in his congressional career and works tirelessly to forge bipartisan coalitions, he is nevertheless not regarded as the most collegial of congressmen. He is seen by some on the Hill as a maverick legislative entrepreneur who plays to the national press with his private agenda.

There is probably some envy aroused by the attention Kemp does get from the press, but, whatever the reason, several of his colleagues who are natural allies on the issues have been withholding their support. Perhaps this is due simply to the fact that most of these congressmen owe debts for campaign speeches to all the major candidates, and don't wish to alienate any of their benefactors sooner than they have to. And word from Capitol Hill staffers has it that members of the Conservative Opportunity Society, a group of Republican congressmen who share Kemp's emphasis on generating ideas and are seen as his protégés, are all ready to come on board soon.

Kemp has been running hard for years. Folks in Michigan, Iowa, and New Hampshire call him neighbor by now.

Kemp is afflicted also by a perception that he has too little fire in his belly for a run at the presidency. As Angela Bay Buchanan Jackson, Pat Buchanan's sister, puts it, Kemp is "waiting to be crowned" by conservatives. The charge rises from his failure ever to run for statewide office in New York and his delay in putting together a campaign organization. This accusation, though, almost certainly is groundless. Kemp has been running hard for years. Folks in Michigan, Iowa, and New Hampshire call him neighbor by now. In the '86 campaign he delivered 512 speeches, collecting IOUs from 198 fellow politicos. The organization is in place, and headed by heavyweights such as Ed Rollins and Charles Black. Kemp chose not to run for senator or governor because he felt he could put together a national issue constituency and influence tax policy just as effectively, if not more so, from a safe seat in the House.

Even one of Kemp's clearest virtues, a wide-ranging intellect, can be seen as a personality defect at this point. It is George Gilder's opinion that Kemp has only one big problem—packaging his views into formulations that will play well on 30-second TV spots. Kemp usually needs at least half an hour to deploy his ideas, putting him at a disadvantage to darlings of the evening news such as the epigrammatic Dole.

Personality problems, though, are only a small part of Kemp's dilemma. His principal difficulty is that he is, as advertised, a candidate of new ideas, and new ideas can be explosive. His have apparently blown open fault lines not only in the Republican party, but also in the less ideologically diffuse conservative movement. Specifically, Kemp has got hold of two notions that are proving divisive: that growth should be the lodestar of economic policy, and that people are a resource, not a drain on resources.

The fight between supply-siders, who look past government red ink to focus on how much of a claim on the economy's total resources government is making, and the austerity Republicans, who apparently believe the economy is deficit driven, has been well documented. What is odd, though, is that this bout is well past the fifteenth round, and almost no one has bothered to declare a winner, or even allot points. What's the verdict on the 1981 tax cuts? They've locked in government revenues at the historic norm of around 19 percent while restoring incentives and giving rise to strong, non-inflationary growth for over four years. Is that a victory, and if so why isn't the author of those tax cuts, Jack Kemp, getting more credit? Is the jury in on TEFRA, the 1982 tax increase against which Kemp waged a lonely battle? The 1986 tax reform bill has thrown out several provisions of TEFRA, which was trumpeted at its passage as significant reform. Is that a Kemp victory? Is Kemp getting too little credit for tax reform itself, which, with its emphasis on low marginal rates, bears closest resemblance to Kemp-Kasten of all the early contending bills?

Many conservatives seem to be withholding judgment on these questions, or giving little weight to the judgment if it has been made. Obviously it is perplexing to anyone trying to figure out the conservative catechism for 1988 when the eminently respectable Dole-Stockman-Will faction endlessly repeats the sensible proposition that government must pay its bills. The austerity Republicans are altogether out of sympathy with Kemp's tax-cutting emphasis, but even conservatives who are not of the root canal persuasion find fault with him for what they see as a cavalier attitude toward cutting spending. His view, of course, is that the private sector, with proper incentives in place, can outgrow government. Disagreement over fiscal policy is the main thing that distinguishes Kemp from Dole, whose voting record on other issues most conservatives would find admirable. The tax debate has been muted lately, but the differences among conservatives remain profound.

A less obvious battle has been joined between such conservatives as Kemp, Gilder, and the editorial writers of the *Wall Street Journal*—who argue that growth and prosperity are a consequence of getting motivated people into the economy, wherever they come from—and those conservatives who believe the wagons should be circled around the current economic configuration. A comment revealing this tension was made recently by Tom Ellis, director of Jesse Helms's Congressional Club, and as perhaps the country's most powerful political operative, one of the keepers of conservatism's seal. Discussing a Pat Buchanan candidacy, Ellis said that all he hears from

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Kemp is tiresome economic esoterica, whereas Buchanan quickens his pulse by talking about stopping Communism in Central America and thereby keeping illegal immigrants from flooding our borders.

This issue of "people protectionism," as Gregory Fossedal called it in the *Wall Street Journal*, may be a real sleeper in the race for the Republican nomination. Gilder, for one, believes that *promoting* immigration is the critical imperative of our time, pointing out that one-half of all major technological innovation during the past twenty years has been accomplished by immigrants. Kemp shares this expansive, inclusive view of American prosperity. He is frankly unconcerned about checking immigration. He wants to broaden the base not only of the Republican party by bringing in minorities and labor, but also of the U.S. economy by letting in everyone who wants to take a chance with economic freedom. Kemp's populist instincts run deep. He wants to make things easier on the little guy with an entrepreneurial vision, and really couldn't care a fig about what's good for General Motors. That view plainly puts him at odds with the impulse always present within conservatism to preserve the status quo.

So Kemp is engaged in a battle of ideas, the outcome of which will determine the direction of conservatism into the twenty-first century. He has an almost mystical faith in the power of ideas, believing that if his prevail in the intellectual arena, inevitably he will prevail in the political arena. That faith presupposes an active, alert, and non-partisan conservative intellectual movement. It will be vindicated only if the columnists, opinion journals, think tanks, foundations, and Capitol Hill operatives mull over the issues, pass judgment on them, and declare a winner among the political advocates. Ronald Reagan was the beneficiary of such a process. Though the media now serve him up as Mr. Personality, when Reagan launched his drive to the presidency he was depicted as the most wild-eyed of fever swamp reactionaries. The Buckley stamp of approval, ratified throughout the movement with more or less unanimity by 1978, carried Reagan through the tough early going.

The movement seems unprepared to render such a judgment this time around, and the apparent reason is some cause for concern. In short: conservatives are paying insufficient attention to the issues because they're having too much fun basking in the sunlight of unaccustomed respectability. Conservatives in Washington and New York no longer hide out under rocks; they're now in their white-tie-and-tails phase, delivering lavish testimonials to one another and hobnobbing with the titans. Some have lost their edge but not their egos. Friendships with the powerful and well-positioned now often exert at least as strong a pull as loyalty to ideas. Allegiance to one's own little fiefdom—a foundation, a publication, a single issue—seems to have supplanted the collegiality and coherence once characteristic of out-of-power conservatism. Then, too, the movement has been diluted considerably since 1981 by all manner of ambitious boys and girls who migrate to Washington in search of the magical intoxicant, power. They set up shop as "pragmatists," and commence trashing policy initiatives for the sake of image and public relations.

Kemp's faith that this vast network of colliding egos will serve as the agent for transforming his ideas into political power seems quaintly naive, but there is hope that it is not entirely unjustified. Conservatism has more intellectual horsepower at its disposal than ever before. It can be harnessed and made to pull in a single direction when a task is clearly identified.

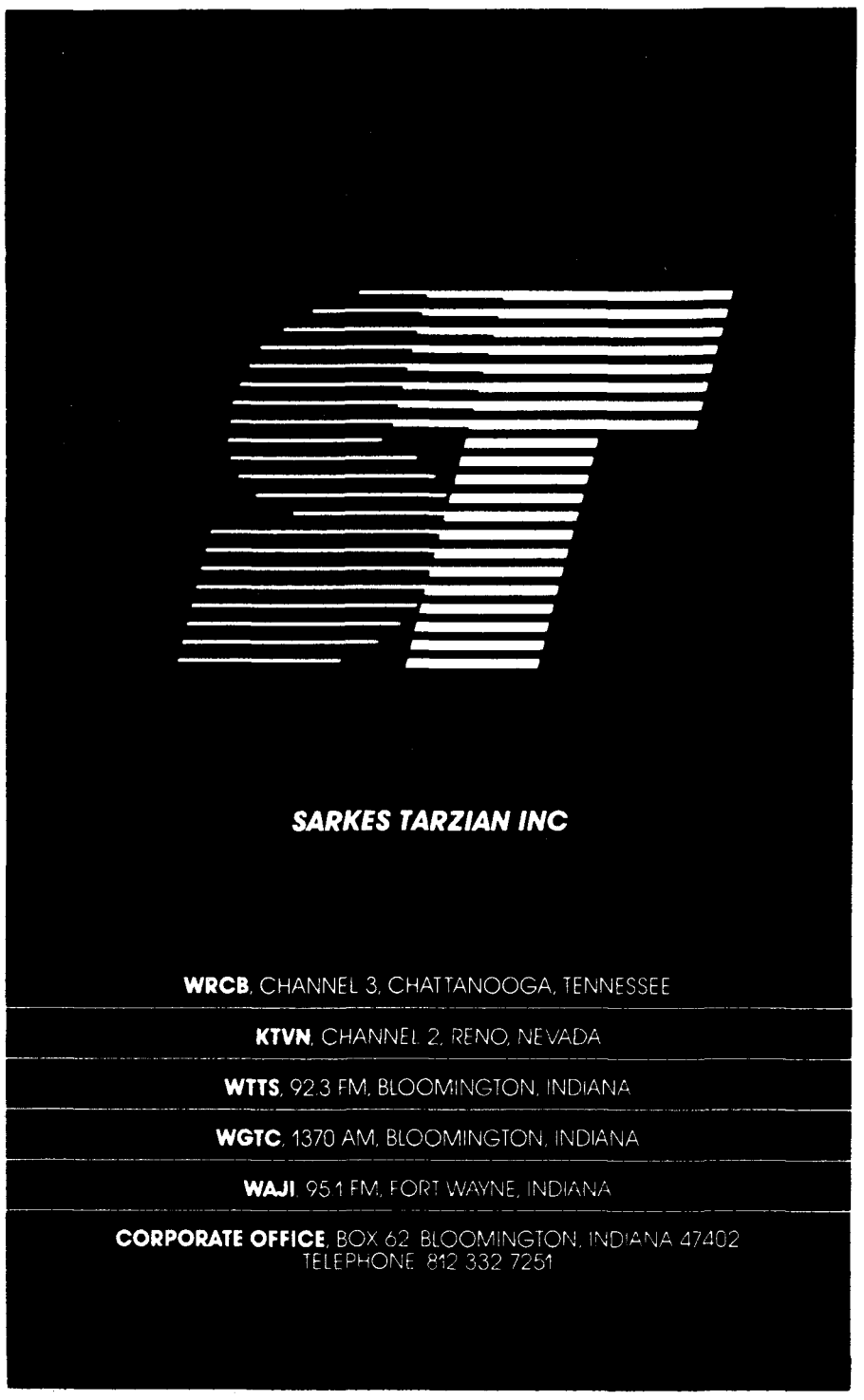
The task of choosing a new political leader is the one now at hand. Kemp has made his appeal directly to conservative intellectuals and activists. Is he right about taxes, or is David Stockman? Is monetary reform needed? Can the Republican party and the U.S. economy afford to broaden their bases extensively? Can war on poverty be waged more effectively through a free market approach? Is the immediate development and deployment of strategic defense imperative? Is a pro-family agenda a necessary concomitant of economic prosperity? Kemp is right out front asking these questions, and laying his answers on the line.

As we go to press, Pat Buchanan has just announced his intention not to run, the obvious implication being that he is deferring to the Kemp candidacy. The field appears to be opening up to Kemp, as Laxalt doesn't seem interested and Robertson is bogged down with Hurricane Gloria, Jubilee Years, and his service record. The withdrawal of Buchanan, the conservative's conservative, should provide a real boost. It may be that Jude Wanniski, Kemp's close confederate and early supply-side mentor, has been right in claiming all along that conservative support for Kemp has never been in doubt. The others, Wanniski claims, are only being sent out to "run a couple of laps around the track" with Kemp so the party can undergo a necessary process of issue fermentation.

Allegiance to one's own little fiefdom seems to have supplanted the collegiality and coherence once characteristic of out-of-power conservatism.

Issue fermentation, however, is exactly what doesn't appear to be happening now, though it certainly should be. The conservative catechism has perhaps been too little examined in recent years. Even Kemp has been guilty of this, according to the *New Republic*'s Fred Barnes, who believes Kemp must retool his agenda for '88 to address current concerns such as trade and farm problems.

Perhaps; but no one can accuse Kemp of not trying to fit the smaller issues into a grand scheme, a far-ranging vision. There are two broad questions posed by the Kemp candidacy: (1) Has the Reagan reversal of fifty years of economic policy been a success, and if so does the logic of the new policy dictate that it be solidified at home and exported to the rest of the world? (2) Is conservatism, paradoxically, a dynamic, expanding movement that can not only subsume what's left of Great Society liberalism while meeting the needs of national security, but also forge a powerful new consensus that will dominate American politics for decades? If the answer to both is yes, and it says here it is, then Jack Kemp has framed the issues correctly for '88, and conservatives should fall in behind him just as Pat Buchanan apparently has done. □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Carnes Lord

EUROFEARS AFTER REYKJAVIK

They should lead NATO to rethink SDI.

The present condition of Western security policy is well described by the old Chinese saw: "There is great confusion under heaven; the situation is excellent." For most Europeans, and for many Americans, the confusion of the situation is more evident than its excellence. But the unexpected direction taken by the security debate following the extraordinary October meeting between President Reagan and Soviet General Secretary Gorbachev at Reykjavik offers an unparalleled opportunity for rethinking the basics of Western defense and arms control policy and laying the foundations for a new NATO consensus on the nature of the threat we face and the measures needed to deal with it.

The immediate source of the confusion stems from the fact that an American President generally accounted the most conservative in this century has emerged as the sponsor of the most radical program of disarmament seriously proposed by any postwar Western leader, while his European critics on all sides of the political spectrum seem suddenly to have rediscovered the virtues of nuclear weapons. It would be funny, were it not such a depressing testimony to the quality of transatlantic debate on these questions, that many of those who have lately excoriated the President for his uncompromising attitude toward the Soviet Union now step forward to warn of the perils of arms control and the need for a prudent approach to security issues. As one European is supposed to have remarked, "The only thing worse than failure at the Reykjavik summit would have been success."

Leaving aside for the moment the question of the wisdom of the President's Reykjavik proposals, it is probably a healthy thing for Europeans to reflect on the wisdom of permitting arms control a central role in Western security policy. For if anything has undermined the American security guarantee to Western Europe in the last fifteen years, it has been arms control, in the form of the various strategic arms limitation agreements concluded between the United States and the Soviet Union.

In 1972, it should be recalled, the U.S. agreed to a freeze on strategic offensive nuclear weapons that actually placed it at a numerical disadvantage *vis-à-vis* the Soviets in levels of ballistic missile launchers. Since then, it has come to be taken for granted that the U.S. and the USSR should have rough parity in these weapons. Unfortunately for Europe, the principle of U.S.-Soviet parity in strategic weapons is fatal to the doctrine of "flexible response" which remains today the basis of NATO strategy, at least insofar as this strategy requires the U.S. to initiate the use of nuclear weapons in the event that NATO threatens to succumb to an attack by numerically superior Soviet conventional forces. First use of nuclear weapons by NATO and the U.S. makes sense only if the alliance enjoys some measurable superiority at the nuclear level. The primary effect of fifteen years of strategic arms control, however, has been to destroy the political legitimacy of Western, and in particular American, nuclear superiority. This is the core of NATO's current security dilemma.

There are many governments in Europe that appear to look on arms control as a cost-free exercise in domestic public relations, if not as useful diplomatic "reinsurance" with the Soviet Union. On both sides of the Atlantic, though perhaps especially in the United States, arms control tends to be regarded as a technique for managing the military balance so as to minimize unnecessary spending on weapons and maintain (to use the incantatory term) "stability." Both approaches grossly underestimate the political dynamics of arms control. By reducing the military confrontation between East and West to the technical problem of removing military incentives for aggression and thus preserving "stability," arms control has made a major contribution to the by now widely accepted idea of superpower equivalence.

Europeans, of course, have reasons of their own for invoking supposed similarities between the United States and the Soviet Union. Vestigial nationalisms and resentment of American cultural and economic success remain significant, and not only on the European left. This makes it all too easy for Europeans to misrepresent to themselves the nature of the U.S. security stake in Europe. For reasons of history, ideology, and geopolitical reality, as well as the structure of its present military establishment, only the Soviet Union poses a threat to the peace of Europe and the world. It necessarily follows that whatever makes the United States and the West generally militarily stronger serves to deter Soviet aggression, and thus preserves the peace. That the Soviets would view NATO as in any sense actively threatening to them, even if it possessed a significant measure of military superiority, strains credulity. Yet the arms control vogue of the last decade and a half has made it virtually impossible to make an open case for meaningful Western military superiority, either overall or in particular theaters of conflict or categories of weapons.

Indeed, the dynamics of arms control are such that it is becoming increasingly difficult for the West even to attain parity in categories where the Soviets are far ahead, since the prospect of negotiation can be used to argue against proceeding with Western deployments. The painful struggle to gain political acceptance in Europe for deployment of so-called intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF)—Pershing II ballistic missiles and ground-launched cruise missiles—is a clear case in point. Another example is the American Peacekeeper (MX) missile. The current administration will be lucky if it protects the currently authorized buy of fifty MX missiles against the depredations of a newly Democratic Senate, let alone acquiring the additional fifty Congress has committed itself to funding if the Air Force comes up with a more survivable basing mode. Under President Reagan's Democratic predecessor, the U.S. planned to acquire 200 of these missiles. The Soviets have over 800 intercontinental missiles of comparable or greater size already deployed.

Europeans have complained that the American proposal at Reykjavik to eliminate all ballistic missiles within ten years would mean the end of the policy of flexible response and necessitate a major buildup of NATO's conventional forces in Europe. That nuclear disarmament might have unpleasant conse-

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quences for the overall balance of forces in Europe is not a thought of surpassing profundity, but NATO Secretary General Lord Carrington was no doubt correct when he told a press conference that NATO governments probably had not "really understood how complicated the subject was." What truly complicates the subject, however, is the difficulty of fitting the square peg of NATO doctrine in the round hole of Eurostrategic reality. The Europeans' complaints assume that NATO now has and will retain some meaningful superiority in nuclear ballistic missiles, as called for by the doctrine of flexible response. As just indicated, such an assumption is completely unwarranted. If we face up to the reality of NATO's situation, then, we have to acknowledge that the time to rethink the basis of NATO strategy is now, not ten years in the future.

First use of nuclear weapons by NATO and the U.S. makes sense only if the alliance enjoys some measurable superiority at the nuclear level.

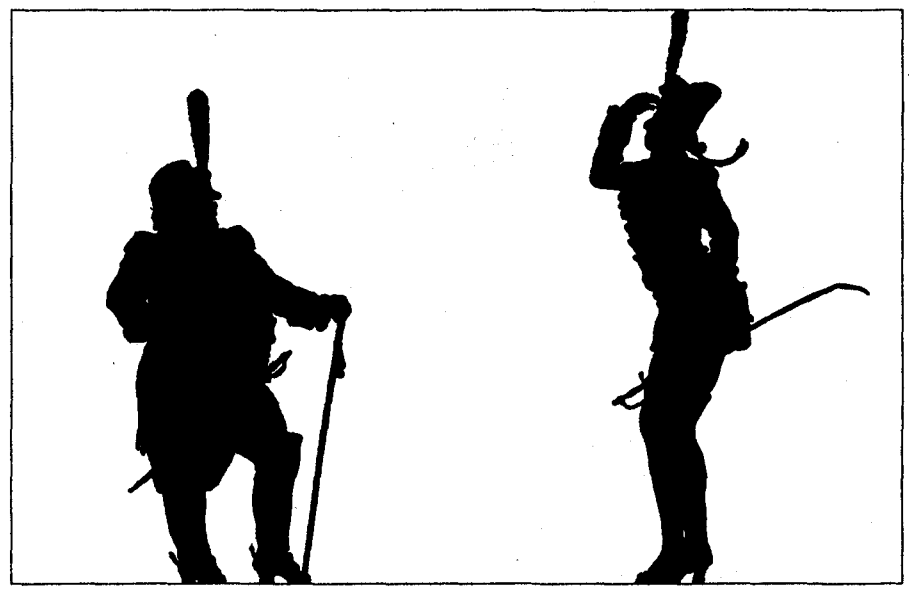
What might serve as the basis of a new NATO strategy? In the first place, it needs to be said that the elimination of ballistic missiles as proposed by the United States would not mean the elimination of nuclear weapons. NATO could still pose a credible nuclear threat to the Warsaw Pact by way of strike aircraft and cruise missiles. But if it is true that, in a political environment shaped by arms control assumptions, the West is bound to lose any competition with the Soviets in offensive weapons and especially offensive nuclear weapons, an offensive air threat is not sufficient.

In this perspective, the wisdom of the course followed by President Reagan at Reykjavik becomes apparent. The only way to reconstitute a form of strategic advantage that will support "extended deterrence" of the Soviet conventional threat in Europe is to shift the emphasis in the U.S.-Soviet strategic competition from offensive to defensive forces. By refusing to trade his Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) for cuts in Soviet offensive nuclear forces, the President showed that he understands the paramount importance for the West—not just for the United States—of persevering in the project to develop effective defenses against ballistic missiles. It is true that an arms control agreement eliminating all such missiles would obviate the need for a full-fledged SDI. But apart from the fact that the (lively) possibility of Soviet cheating on such a ban would require the U.S. to deploy some form of ballistic missile defense in any case, the likelihood of achieving even a paper ban on ballistic missiles approaches zero. If nothing else, the British, French, and Chinese are almost certain to retain strategic ballistic missiles for essentially political reasons, unless and until they are plainly rendered obsolete by deployed strategic defenses. In her recent Camp David meeting with the President, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher extracted a promise that the U.S. would assist in modernizing the British ballistic missile submarine force no matter what happens in the arms control arena, and French Prime Minister Chirac has referred to the British and French nuclear forces as "essential factors" in the defense of Europe.

The SDI has been greeted with skepticism if not outright hostility by most Europeans, for reasons that are understandable only in part. The argument that a move to missile defense somehow represents an escalation of the arms race and the militarization of space falls apart as soon as one makes a basic acquaintance with Soviet military space activity and the Soviet doctrinal and programmatic commitment over many years to strategic defense in all its forms. British and French concern over the viability of their independent nuclear forces in a heavily defended world must be treated sympathetically by the United States, but it is difficult to escape the impression that British and French wishful thinking on this score has led them to underestimate the effectiveness of current and prospective Soviet defenses against third country missile attacks.

What is truly unfathomable, however, is the frequently heard European claim that an SDI would "decouple" the U.S. from the defense of NATO. It is difficult to know how the U.S. could have fewer incentives than it currently has to use its strategic nuclear forces for the defense of Europe. In fact, an effective (not necessarily a fully or even very effective) SDI would greatly strengthen deterrence of a Soviet attack on NATO by creating a relatively secure rear that would permit unimpeded mobilization by the U.S. and the reinforcement and resupply of U.S. and NATO forces in Europe. This is to say nothing of the direct protection to Europe (most notably, against attack by the Soviet SS-20) that would be provided by many of the SDI architectures currently under consideration.

The fundamental point is that the Europeans cannot reasonably ask the United States to join them in a mutual suicide pact, when perfectly achievable and affordable alternatives exist for the defense of the Western Alliance as a whole. The neuralgic reaction of the Soviets to the prospect—however theoretical—of an American SDI, in spite of the well-documented Soviet interest in strategic defense of all kinds, suggests that the President's vision may have something to it after all, or that the deterrent value of an SDI is likely to be far greater than its Western critics are generally willing to concede. The fact of the matter is that even a 50-percent cut in Soviet offensive strategic forces—the levels agreed to at Reykjavik—would only marginally inconvenience the Soviet plan for a disabling ballistic missile attack against the continental United States. But even a very imperfect SDI—let's say, on the order of 75-percent effectiveness—would create incalculable problems for Soviet strategic planners. It would eliminate the possibility of easy victory through decapitation of the U.S. political and military command structure, and it would greatly complicate any Soviet scheme to destroy a large portion of the U.S. nuclear retaliatory force in a surprise attack against its bases and deployment areas.



But the logic of defense is not applicable in the case of the United States alone. Nakedness before the threat of massive Soviet air and missile attack is the common condition of the NATO alliance as a whole. The spectacular Soviet buildup of the last fifteen years in central strategic systems has been matched by a quieter but no less impressive Soviet buildup in strike aircraft and short-range ballistic missiles in the European theater. At the same time, NATO no less than the United States has been immobilized by a security theology which maintains that any attempt to deny the enemy his objectives is bound to be too expensive and politically and militarily provocative. The force of this theology has been particularly felt with respect to ballistic missiles, but it has extended as well to defense against air attack, not to speak of civil defense. The result is a gross imbalance between NATO and the Warsaw Pact in the numbers and quality of deployed air and ballistic missile defense systems.

There is no shorter road to reversing unfavorable trends in the military situation in Europe than a determined move by NATO to strengthen its defense against Soviet air and ballistic missile attack. In fact, this is being increasingly recognized by defense professionals if not political elites in a number of NATO countries. The threat posed by short-range non-nuclear (chemical as well as conventional) ballistic missiles has become a particular cause for concern, since it puts at risk not only NATO's conventional defense posture but its theater nuclear option as well. The question now is whether the development of a new anti-tactical ballistic missile (ATBM) for defense against these missiles will be politically feasible in a climate saturated by arms control theology. Ironically, such a system can most likely be made acceptable in Europe only by keeping it from any taint of association with the American SDI or any hint of conflict with the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty of 1972. Whether these maneuvers will succeed remains to be seen, given the success the Soviets have already had in using the ABM treaty as a weapon of political warfare against the SDI. At the least, however, they suggest that NATO's decade-long slumber has been disturbed, and that responsible Europeans are waking up to the opportunities as well as the dangers of the current strategic situation. □

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Dave Shiflett

DEER HUNTING IN AMERICA

The buck stops here—or was that a doe?

"Turn down the volume, Floyd. I think one's coming." That's how you hunt deer in Prince Edward County, Virginia. In Floyd's living room you can watch television and keep an eye out the window for the deer who walk up in his backyard in the late afternoon to eat his grass and garden. If you don't get a shot, you can at least catch the reruns or part of the news out of Richmond. That's what deer hunting's really like.

That's not how the sport is generally portrayed, of course. Deer hunters are presented as William Calley-types who enter the sanctuary of nature to do murder. You never see guys like my neighbor Eric, who apologizes to each deer he kills (like the aborigine in *The Gods Must Be Crazy*) and who spent days in agony because he was unable to put an injured deer (that someone else wounded) out of its misery. He was not similarly discomfited when a local poacher was gunned down (30-06 from 103 feet to the back of the head). That's how deer hunters really are.

But the facts about deer hunting are fairly scarce these days, for a fairly typical reason: the truth gets in the way of a higher purpose. If this sounds familiar, it's because hunting is the most political sport going, and the anti-hunters, owing more to V. I. Lenin. than Teddy Roosevelt, are creating demons from which to save the world. All the hunters have on their side is a long tradition (6 million years by some estimates) and the truth.

Who knows who'll come out on top? The anti-hunters, mostly from the left wing, have more political experience than their opponents. Many are obsessed with their cause. At Yale this year, for instance, the gun-melters protested the annual hunt by dressing up as deer and prancing through the woods. Their opposition's weakness is exemplified by the fact that not one of these kamikazes was "accidentally" blasted.

The situation is reminiscent of the pre-Reagan era, when conservatives tended to let left-wingers take it all by default. But hunters are finding themselves forced to practice public relations to protect their way of life, and in this spirit I introduced some newcomers to deer hunting over the past two years, hoping they'd fall in love with it and tell a friend. Two of the guests were big-city newspaper editors, time being of the essence.

BILL

Bill's not the most widely-read editor in Washington, but I figured Meg Greenfield probably wouldn't come along and besides, Bill's shot squirrels before so he's halfway there. He decided to try his luck with a .357 Magnum pistol, and wondered, as we drove the three-and-a-half hours from the District to the Prince Edward hunting grounds, what his chances were.

This is how it is, brother: Burt, Floyd's father-in-law, doesn't think you even need a gun. "I'm goin' out back and kill one with a garden rake, they've gotten so thick," says Burt. He also talks about bagging turkeys with a golf club. But then Burt doesn't seem to like guns much, probably because he once had the top of his head taken off by a blast from a 12-gauge shotgun. As Burt tells the story, the young doctor on duty at the VA hospital in Richmond sawed the top off an old skull and capped him with it. The replacement part was a little on the small side, so Burt's head drops in about half a hat size a few inches above the ears, but he's under one roof again and happy for it.

So sure, Bill, if Burt can live through that, you can get a deer with a .357 Magnum pistol.

Bill doesn't follow the logic, but a potential convert needs logic less than he does a sense of the possible. I don't want to tell him, for instance, that I have a perfect hunting record: ten years hunting and not a kill yet. Knowing that, he might go home and denounce hunting as a waste of time, and probably win a Pulitzer for his trouble.

So we talk about Burt's head and shooting out of Floyd's living room and bagging gobblers with a sand wedge (kill 'em and behead 'em in one stroke). "Truth be told, Bill, those high-powered guns are pretty loud, especially when you shoot them indoors, so the best thing to do is slip out back to do the killing. That's etiquette." In this way we passed the trip.

As we approached our destination, my apprehensions increased. Just as a realtor can tell lies all the way to the estate, the hunting advocate can whack the truth around all day, but finally he has to show his wares. I had no Taj Mahal to offer. Like most other salesmen, I was depending on the right atmospherics to help me drop my pigeon. Without them, I was lost.

Allah Akhbar, as the Afghan hunters say. God was with me.

It was raining and in the low 40s when we parked the car at Throckmorton's grocery, our base camp. "Perfect weather," I said. "The deer will keep moving to keep warm." More good news awaited us inside. The season had started a couple of days before, and Mildred, who runs the register, said they'd checked about forty bucks so far, some of them very large. "You sit here long enough and some'll show up across the road," she said, pointing to a power line that cut straight away from us through a pine thicket.

I figured that the trick with Bill was to give him the comforts of home while making him feel like he's on a safari.

We drove to a quiet spot a few miles down the road and stood in the rain a few minutes to get the feeling of being in the wild. Then we returned to the Oldsmobile and climbed inside.

"Something might run by," I said, handing Bill a Budweiser. He looked surprised, having obviously been taken in by the Calley-in-the-sanctuary myth, in which hunters sleep in swamps, trudge over mountains, and parachute into prairies to get a drop on their innocent prey. I told him about a trip I took a few years ago, one which took me deep into the woods—at least 200 yards from the nearest state-maintained road. Our party spent the morning on stand, with no luck, and returned to camp for lunch. We stoked the campfire, turned on the radio, and fell to boasting. Cigarettes burned freely as Black Sabbath roared.

Two of us sat on chairs with our backs to a logging road while a third member of the party sat facing us. As we talked, I noted a sound from somewhere behind me and to my left, but one of my companions was recounting how he had brained a 14-point buck with a piece of soapstone from forty-five yards and I didn't want to interrupt. In mid-lie, however, the storyteller, who faced me, signaled for silence. He pointed to my left. My eyes followed, and there, leaning against a tree, was a 12-gauge Remington pump, a true voice of authority in the hands of the police, and no slouch in the woods either. I handed him the weapon, which he pointed over my right shoulder. The gun cracked. A six-pointer fell. We ate part of him for dinner that night.

So of course it is possible to shoot a deer from an Oldsmobile, Bill. I've talked to pulpwood cutters who say deer run right up to them while their chainsaws are going full throttle. Another old hunting trick is to whistle at deer as they run past. Often, they'll stop dead in their tracks to see what you're whistling at. That's when you blast them.

But no deer showed, and as Bill swallowed all this information, he did a commendable job on the beer supply, causing us to retreat to the store

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to await the evening hunt. What happened next can only be described as a Godsend.

As we sat around the oil stove, surrounded by Little Debbie pies and listening to the radio, Mildred shouted, "There go some!" Sure enough, four deer cut across the road into the pine thicket. One was a buck. We beat it down the power line, hoping they would bust out into open territory so we could get a shot. This was not to be, but seeing deer run through a populated area could not but help the cause. "Thank goodness no schoolchildren were walking home," I said, "or the deer would have run them down."

We went back to the store to wait for Burt, who would be along to direct us to Floyd's house. Bill was primed. Shoot, I bet even Meg's blood would have been up if she'd been there. I could see her *Newsweek* column clearly: "The Day I Gut-shot Bambi."

"You just stand still back there and they'll walk right up on you," Burt said as we left the store. We drove the two miles to Floyd's front door, parked, and hiked in, which is to say we walked around back, scattering a few cats and chickens. "Look at the ground," Burt beamed. "They're all over." Deer tracks were everywhere.

We took our stands. Bill went down to the far right corner of the back yard. I pulled a lounge chair out of Floyd's aluminum tool shed, folded it out to full length, and reclined. I could hit Bill in the head with a dinner roll if I wanted to. If I turned around, I could hit Floyd's house with half a biscuit, no tailwind necessary. If I held the biscuit out in my hand, a deer would probably come and steal it.

But as far as I know, no deer came my way. I must admit to having snoozed a bit.

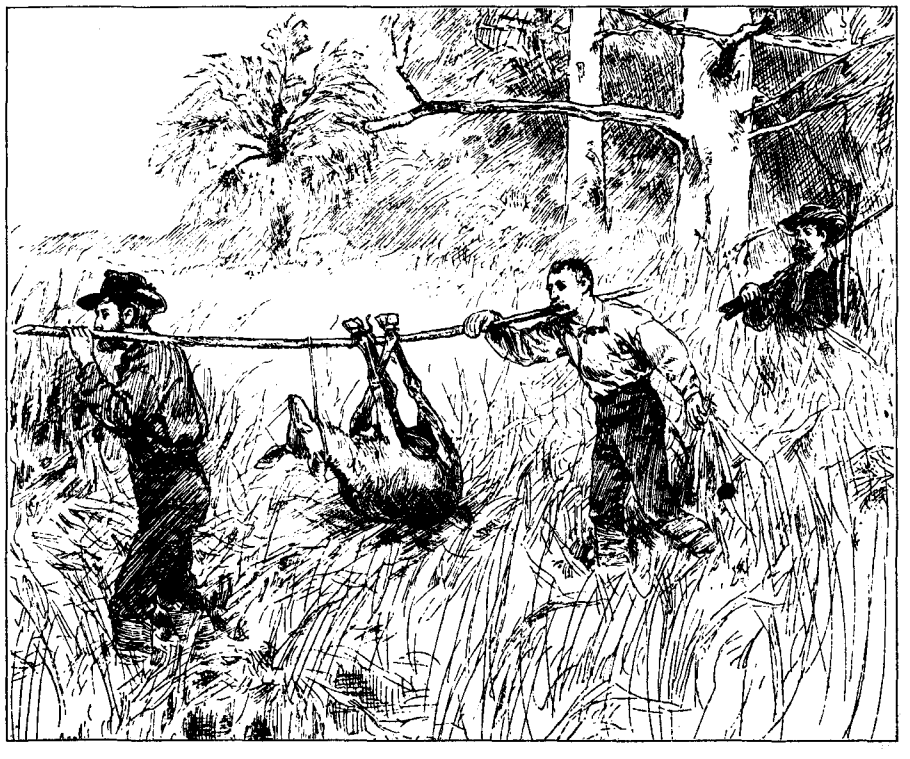
Bill, on the other hand, saw three does eating clover in the pasture behind Floyd's house. All were spared, as it wasn't doe season, but seeing a deer in the field, even if you're an experienced hunter, makes your heart beat at about the same rate as hearing somebody jimmying your front door in the middle of the night. As we entered the Olds, Bill's neck looked swelled, as if he were in rut. It was almost time to start talking story placement and telephoning in an art order.

I told him about a hunting trip I took a few years ago, one which took me deep into the woods—at least 200 yards from the nearest state-maintained road.

We slept the night at nearby Hampden-Sydney College because Bill didn't want to camp out. This was a disappointment to me, but a night in the rain might sour him, and I was depending on him becoming the Saint Paul of deer hunting. Sadly, he had more Herod in him than anything else. At the alumni house, his first act was to locate the thermostat and raise the temperature to tropical levels. The balmy atmosphere, flush toilets, and numerous gin and tonics caused him to blather on painfully about human progress. I suffered these outrages in good faith, that being the price of protecting sacred institutions. I did drink my Ten High bourbon straight from the jug, hoping this eloquent display of manhood might head off the excesses he would later regret, such as reciting the works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

There was one bright spot in the evening. Like most civilization lovers, Bill forgets that the arrangement is not without its irritants. Much pleasure was taken when civilization demanded to see a driver's license before it would serve Bill a beer. The victim himself thought it an imposition, he being 54-years-old at the time of the incident.

The remainder of the trip was uneventful, save for when the Olds got stuck in Floyd's driveway. Burt came down with a kid who acted like he'd never seen anyone get stuck in a driveway before and they pulled us out with a chain. But Bill wanted to come back next year. Mission accomplished. But he was the surest bet.



CHRISTIAN

As the new season approaches, newspapers begin running letters about hunting. The first salvo comes from the anti-hunters, who proclaim the right of animals to a long and productive life. Hunters respond that no such right has ever existed, does not exist now, and will not exist as long as man eats meat. If such a right did exist, they point out, no animal has the right to kill another. And who is going to ticket a lion for eating a gazelle? Hunters also wonder why trout fishermen escape all this abuse. Fish killers get off easy.

As usual, the intolerant side gets shrill early on. Hunters become "murderers" and "carcass chewers" and are said to have severe inferiority complexes and/or infatuations with the Ramboism of the Reagan years. But the hunters respond with the calmness that accompanies certitude. This disposition, of course, drives their opponents up the wall, especially when hunters quote the Bible, which gives man dominion over the beasts of the Earth.

So the power of the pro-hunting position depends on beliefs that are under constant challenge. It cannot be long before the state, with its game wardens and licensing procedures, is charged with sanctioning a religious practice. This apprehension, plus fear of an early interest in knitting or yoga, cause many hunters to introduce their children to the field at a fairly young age. And so I took my son deer hunting this year for the first time. He was four.

We camped at the Rosebower Vineyard, which is about two miles from Floyd's house. A llama is said to live in the surrounding woods, and the deer have been so thick that lion dung was spread around the grounds to scare them off. Though the vineyard is an extremely civilized place, having played host to Stephen Spender, James Dickey, and other literary bigs, the feeling of being in an authentic wilderness is possible, especially when the proprietors keep the stereo turned down.

We pitched our pup tent at the bottom of a hill, jamming it with sleeping bags, blankets, and pillows. As we completed our chores, the sun set in the West, a tradition in rustic areas. I slipped my 30-30 lever action rifle beside my bag, and Christian and I went out looking for dinner.

About two biscuit throws up the hill stands a gazebo. Three tosses and a chip shot beyond is the house where proprietors Tom and Bronwyn O'Grady live with their two sons. O'Grady, who teaches at Hampden-Sydney, is famous for translating (along with colleague Paul Yagasich) the book that won the late Czech poet Jaroslav Seifert 1984's Nobel Prize in literature. I don't know if Seifert hunted deer, but he sure made life tougher for the Czech government, and he knew oppression, just like deer hunters. We toast him when the spirit moves us.

After a dinner of lasagna, shrimp, and beef, Christian and I head back to the tent. It's gotten dark, so the hosts flick on the lights to guide us through the vines to the gazebo. From there, we are on our own. Christian holds my hand firmly on the way down the hill. Though so young, he realizes that we are in the process of separating ourselves from that which is commonplace and comfortable. Who knows what awaits us two biscuit throws from the gazebo, the last outpost of civilization?

Once inside the tent, we get comfortable in our bags, converse about the usual topics—i.e., how it is that the sky never stops; the reason for ideas; proofs of Bigfoot's existence—and then drop off like a couple of bridge jumpers. At the latest, it's nine o'clock.

Come 1:30 a.m., the boy wakes up. "Daddy," he says, "it's wet in my sleeping bag."

Having been up perfecting Bigfoot proof number four, I tell Christian of the rain that has been falling for an hour or so.

"No, daddy, I mean inside my sleeping bag." The hand gropes, the worst is realized. The child is undressed, redressed, and admitted to my bag. Within three minutes, he's quiet as a yam.

He would not have gone back to sleep if he had realized, as I did, that we were not alone. Off in the woods a little way, a deer is snorting. It comes closer, and soon it is beside the tent—first at the foot, then at the head. Suddenly, it begins to run around the

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campsite, its hoofs thundering on the packed floor of the vineyard. The memory of a man who was kicked by a deer flashes into the mind. The animal's hoofs are said to be capable of inflicting serious wounds. We can't have the boy speared, can we? I reach for the 30-30, but before I fire out the door to clear the area, the deer moves further out. Soon, he cannot be heard above the sound of the gentle rain that falls on our nylon cocoon.

We rise just after six and decide to hunt the gazebo. We take our position on the benches and hold it half an hour or so. The O'Grady children leave for school. The dogs start to bark. Christian wants breakfast. No deer pass.

The afternoon hunt takes us to the side of a ridge a hundred yards or so off in the woods. Soon after taking our stand, a deer sticks its head out of a thicket fifty yards away. Another joins the first. The moment of truth has come.

Years of watching "Sesame Street" and Disney may have ruined the boy. Who knows what the kids at school said when Christian told them he was going out to shoot a deer. Who knows what the teacher might have said. When I visited, she was teaching the old lie that the first Thanksgiving was held by the Pilgrims. For all I know, the children have been taught that deer grow up in stable homes and become Methodists.

"Shoot, daddy," Christian whispers. Ah! I'm not too late. Shoot, daddy, he said.

But wait a minute. Maybe I misplaced the comma. Maybe he was saying "Shoot daddy," giving an order to someone. I look around, but we are by ourselves.

"Shoot, daddy," he says more urgently. "Shoot the deer." Yes! I've done it in time. Now I know how Scrooge felt on Christmas morning. "But son," I say, "we can't shoot these. They are does. No antlers."

We watch for about ten minutes.

"Shoot, daddy," he says again. "He's got horns." I look again. I can see the deer blink. I can see their teeth as they munch a sapling. Neither has horns. Christian just wants me to kill a deer. Big Bird's jackboot has not ground out the hunting spirit.

The afternoon is uneventful. The camp is moved to the top of the hill, right beside the gazebo. Again, early to bed. And again, at 1:30 a.m., the child arises. This time, he retches like a sick dog. Both sleeping bags are soiled. He is carried to the farmhouse and laid on a sofa. I sleep beside him on the floor. He vomits through the night.

The next morning we pack up and beat it for home. On the way, Christian says he always thought that deer could talk to each other. "And you want to shoot them anyway?"

"Sure man. Gotta eat, don't we?"

RICHARD

Few pleasures are greater than taking a New Yorker hunting. New Yorkers have a lot more country store in them than they're given credit for, and love to sit around and tell stories about their numerous exploits. They might hike their pinkies and curl their lips, but then again few of them spit on the floor. And if Richard went back home and started talking about the benefits of deer hunting, maybe we'd see a big change in the national attitude. Who can say?

"Thank goodness no schoolchildren were walking home," I said, "or the deer would have run them down."

Richard drove down from the city Monday night and stayed with Bill, who had absolutely been begging me to take him hunting again. I hadn't seen him write anything about hunting since the last trip, and I might be wasting my time. Then again, Bill is my boss, and if I didn't take him along he might toss me out in the street.

I picked them up at five Tuesday morning and we were back at the vineyard just after nine. Bill and I figured that if all we saw were a couple of does, Richard would have plenty to talk about. Besides that, Richard would enjoy being in a "quaint" place for a few days. God's atmospheric hand was seen this time in a letter the local *Farmville Herald* ran while we were visiting:

Editor, The Herald,

I would like to commend officer Wyatt Lee Overton for the job he did in the traffic control for the funeral procession for the late Lionel M. Langhorn on Wednesday.

Officer Overton did a superb job at the intersection of Griffin and Main and with such manner as removal of his hat, placed over his heart until the procession was cleared through. (The first I have ever seen do so).

Again I commend officer Wyatt L. Overton for a job well done.

Town Councilman
A.D. "Chuckie" Reid
Farmville, Va.

You don't see 'em like that in the *New York Times*, do you, Rich?

Richard the sophisticated didn't have a gun, since Mayor Koch won't allow it, so I lent him my 20-gauge Browning. We taught him a little hunter safety and gave him a few tips. Bill had along his compass because he got lost once on a hunting trip. I told Richard that if he lost his bearings, just listen out for when Bronwyn came out the front door and shook the dust mop.

One thing Richard was prepared for was other hunters. At the time of our trip, the death toll in Virginia was seven, the latest having been killed a few weeks before in Fincastle when he was mistaken for a turkey. This seems impossible, but as Shakespeare pointed out, in the right circumstances, it's easy to mistake a bush for a bear. In this case, the man was shot from 100 yards with a 30-06. Then there was the accident in Minnesota, where a young man took a long shot at a deer, missed the animal, and hit his mother, who was standing in her kitchen 250 yards away.

Richard had on a blaze orange poncho and a hat of the same, meaning he could be spotted by airline passengers as they passed over the heart of Virginia. From my stand I could see him easily, a great orange presence in the trees, like Mama Cass dressed by Stanley Owsley.

The first day was disappointing. I saw three does, Richard and Bill saw nothing. In an attempt to improve his outlook, we took Rich up for a few glasses of wine with the O'Gradys. Bill and Rich both bought a case, leaving them behind as we traveled to the alumni house (Bill's idea).

Having been informed that a New York editor was involved, the hunting party was given two rooms. Loaded down with guns, liquor, and mud, we popped open the front door, only to find ourselves intruding on a dinner party for a candidate for the school's presidency. At the correct moment, with Richard standing at the front door and the host trying to figure out if his guests were about to be taken hostage, the Browning slid out of the case and hit the floor. Had it gone off, it would have blown a big hole in Richard's head—although as we saw in Burt's case, the hole could have been patched.

As was expected, Bill and Rich quickly adapted to this sybarite's paradise. The two soon fell into city talk, spending long hours listing the shortcomings of various neoconservatives. I longed for a hunter's camp and the inimitable pleasure of reaching into the cooling rib cage of a hanging deer to cut sweet meat, the greatest of delicacies, especially when roasted over an open fire. Instead, we went out for a few burgers. At night's end, Bill the Episcopalian and Richard the Catholic got into a High Church debate about which sect serves the best wine at communion or whose priest wears the prettiest robes, or some worthy topic. An existentialist Calvinist with a minor interest in snake handling, I hit the sack.

Bill saw three does the next morning, as did Rich. Over lunch in a nearby restaurant (Brunswick stew, cornbread muffins, Bass Ale: $4.74) Rich and Bill spoke with great hope about an afternoon kill. It almost came to pass.

Once back in the woods, I lay down for a nap, and was nearly asleep when the Browning cracked. "Wonder how Rich will look on a peg leg?" I thought. A few moments later he popped out of the bushes.

"Get 'im?" I cried out.

"Don't know."

The three of us searched the area, but found neither deer nor blood. Richard's first shot had been from about 70 yards, a respectable miss for a beginner.

No tears were shed, however. Instead, Richard's eyes glowed, as if the centuries had been stripped away, as if his eyes had never beheld a letter to the editor, a traffic light, or a vegetarian's scowl. He was converted in a big way. He was ready to give his life's savings to the building fund.

When the roll is called up yonder, Rich will no doubt show up with a rifle and maybe a hound or two, ready to go after the big one. And if he and Bill and other hunters pass the word, they will dine forever on venison steaks and O'Grady red. But they'd better start shouting the good news from the rooftops soon, because guys like Bill and Rich are all that stands between us and a life of mandatory oatmeal. □

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Malcolm Gladwell

TED TURNER'S CABLE SCAM

While Ted carouses, television's wasteland expands.

Ted Turner first came to Washington to peddle his vision of how cable television would change America in 1976. "You have to remember that there are three supernetworks who only own four or five stations apiece that are controlling the way this nation thinks and raking off exorbitant profits," he told Congress. "They have an absolute, a virtual stranglehold, on what Americans see and think, and I think a lot of times they do not operate in the public good."

Turner looked at society's ills, and he knew who was to blame. Ever wonder why the crime rate is up 400 percent? "It's because of movies and the crummy television programs," Turner told members of the Television Academy in New York. "What these networks are doing is making Hitler youth out of the American people." Then he checked off the vices inspired by prime-time TV: laziness, drug abuse, homosexuality, lasciviousness, materialism, and disrespect. "We've got to change a lot of things in order for there to be a future," he would say later. "So far we've been dying by TV. It's been used to teach us all the wrong things."

Cable television, he said, could be the instrument for teaching all the right things. "We'll be another voice," he told Congress, a better voice teaching positive, wholesome values. In 1980, at the ceremony inaugurating his 24-hour news network, CNN, he raised three flags—that of his home state of Georgia, the flag of the United States, and also the flag of the United Nations. Why? "Because we hope with our greater depth, and our international coverage, to make possible a better understanding of how people from different nations can live and work, and so to bring together in brotherhood and kindness and peace the people of this nation and world." It was with this in mind that Turner went to Congress in 1976, asking for special favors for his fledging industry. "I would love desperately," he vowed, "to create a Fourth Network for cable television, producing our own programs, not just running 'I Love Lucy' and 'Gilligan's Island' for the fifty-seventh time."

Congress granted Turner those favors, and granted him more in 1979, and still more in 1984. Over and over again the last ten years, the regulatory and legislative bodies responsible for cable television's direction have ratified Turner's vision of cable as the salvation of television. There is no longer any debate about whether cable should come to television. In those cities that have not yet handed out cable franchises, it is only a question of when.

Malcolm Gladwell works for Insight *magazine.*

Indeed as Ted Turner has pranced in and out of the public eye in the last decade—as defender of the 1977 America's Cup, as owner of basketball's Atlanta Hawks and baseball's Atlanta Braves, as *Playgirl*'s Man-of-the-Year, as the putative raider of CBS, and as Soviet Russia's suitor during last summer's Goodwill Games—the cable industry of which he is the crown prince has gone from reaching 10 million homes to over 40 million. In 1976, Turner took the tiny UHF station that he had purchased six years earlier for $2.5 million and, by beaming its signal up to a satellite, turned it into a national superstation. Today WTBS reaches 36 million homes and is worth $600 million. CNN is worth another $800 million, and the profits from both have made Turner a very rich man.

There is something quite remarkable about this ascendancy. The so-called cable revolution of the mid-seventies was a technological breakthrough and really not much else. What Turner and others grasped was that through the use of a satellite a single TV station could beam its signal all over the United States. Suddenly cable was no longer simply a means of delivering broadcast signals to remote communities. Suddenly it was possible for little broadcasters to act like networks, and for the viewing options of TV-watchers to be doubled, tripled, or even quadrupled. But there was no reason to assume that cable's technological breakthrough should have guaranteed such popularity, nor to agree automatically with people like Ted Turner that the ability of cable to expand programming choices would make the quality of television any better. If the combined effort of three billion-dollar networks left TV a wasteland, after all, how was the addition of twenty low-budget channels going to make the landscape any less bleak?

The answer is, of course, that cable has brought little that is new or of high quality to television. The most popular shows on basic cable networks are a pallid mix of low-budget sportscasts and reruns. Look at the line-up of top-rated programming from last November: two old movies, an LSU/Alabama football game, "Andy Griffith Show" reruns, and "The Best of World Championship Wrestling." Today on WTBS, ten years after he promised Congress that he would stop showing reruns of "I Love Lucy" and "Gilligan's Island" for the fifty-seventh time, Turner still shows reruns of "I Love Lucy" and "Gilligan's Island."

What Turner discovered was that producing original programming ate just a little too much into the fat profit margins of his one-man band in Atlanta. And he also discovered that when it came to buying new syndicated programming on the open market, he couldn't afford to pay national rates for

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anything but creaky fifties reruns.[1] In short, Turner realized very early on that the commitment he had made to promoting a quality alternative to broadcast television was impossible to fulfill. But did that stop him? Last summer he went out and spent $1.4 billion for MGM's massive film library. If he couldn't buy new movies, then he would buy old movies. More importantly, he shifted his feet a little, and started saying the same things about "I Love Lucy" and "Leave It to Beaver" that he had said before about the wonderful programming he and his cable comrades were supposedly going to create. "Fifteen years ago TV had a higher quality," the new Turner explained, as if it were obvious. "There were good, all-family shows that reflected the basic values. They emphasized a good strong family life, a good strong work ethic, frugality, patriotism, the worth of those people who serve our society, such as school teachers and police. These are the kind of values that make a society great."

It seems incredible, in retrospect, that Turner was able to get away with this. Here was a man too cheap to buy anything but reruns claiming to be the defender of the family and traditional American values. Meanwhile the King of Cable's real feelings were on constant, public display in his personal life: Turner, the married father of five and self-appointed defender of the family, was running around openly with every woman he could get his hands on. There were the women in Newport during the America's Cup; there was Tracy Wickersham, who Turner made into a star on WTBS, and there were numerous, nameless others. "That's the little girl I took to Cuba with me," he told *Sports Illustrated* last summer, pointing to a blonde in a skimpy bikini. "I don't object to sex appeal on TV, but I'm against gratuitous sex and homosexuality and philandering around," Turner said once in another interview, before pausing to elaborate on just what he meant by philandering around: "As long as it's your wife or girlfriend, I don't think there's anything wrong with that."

But he did get away with it. In the late seventies and early eighties, when gushing profile after gushing profile appeared about Turner in the mainstream press, his womanizing would come up often, and just as often would be dismissed with a nudge and a wink. (*Atlanta Magazine*: "Turner does not always do all he can to dispel notions of his rakishness. . . . Asked who he would most like to go on a long trip with, Turner's quick answer is, 'Bo Derek.' Then, he pauses and says, 'No, my wife. My boys. I like to see my family.") Only *Playboy*—which after all makes a living at this sort of thing—pointed out the obvious contradiction between what Turner said in public and what he did in public. "That [Turner] treats his family with crude vulgarity is nobody's business—until he starts doing it in front of journalists and then sermonizes publicly out of the other side of his mouth," wrote Peter Ross Range, in an aside to what is probably the best interview ever conducted with Turner. It was not until the Goodwill Games of last summer that the rest of the press, in particular the right-wing press, caught on to the fact that Turner was not "conservative" in any sense at all, but rather a man whose primary allegiances were to his bank account and himself.

Turner has also cloaked himself in patriotic garb when he discusses the news programming of the networks: "I mean, the way the networks covered the Vietnam war just sickened me. It was anti-American. They never showed the American boys getting medals or helping villagers or anything." Turner wants more upbeat newscasts. The networks "just bring you 22 minutes of gloom and doom headlines." But is CNN a good-news network, one that shrinks from covering a story that might reflect badly on the American government? Of course not. One of CNN's biggest scoops a few years ago, for example, was a story about how American advisers in El Salvador were carrying rifles. Again it was *Playboy* that narrowed in on the contradictions:

PLAYBOY: You've said that the networks' coverage of Vietnam was anti-American. Do you think [the El Salvador story] was anti-American?

TURNER: No . . .

PLAYBOY: Well, it amounted to the same thing—reporting news our government might not like. What's the difference?

TURNER: Balance. All you've got to do is ask Norman Lear. Ask anybody . . .

PLAYBOY: Norman Lear, the producer? What does he have to do with it?

TURNER: Norman Lear likes CNN. He told me so. He's a pretty good man as far as judging the quality and fairness of TV.

PLAYBOY: That's not what we were discussing. Lear never complained that the networks were anti-American in their Vietnam war coverage.

TURNER: Well, anyway, the American people support me. CNN is good for the American people.

Nothing that Turner says about the major networks can, in the end, be taken all that seriously. In the summer of 1985, during his abortive attempt to buy CBS, he talked in terms of high principle. "I'm working to see a better world," he said. "That is my main reason for trying to take over this network." But then he confessed that there wasn't anything about, for example, CBS news that really upset him: "I don't imagine I'd interfere with it much." Nor was he much troubled by Dan Rather. "I have no plans to get rid of [him]. In fact, I have never met him and I am looking forward to meeting him one way or the other. He doesn't look like such a bad guy to me." Turner even admitted that although he thought journalists were by and large liberal, there was nothing wrong with that: "Liberals and Conservatives love their country, even though sometimes they don't think the other side does."

"My biggest job," Turner has always acknowledged, "is in Washington."

So why take over CBS then? Simple: Turner realized in 1985 what most Wall Street watchers didn't grasp until much later, that CBS was worth a great deal more than its book price of $4-5 billion. Television companies, writes Les Brown of *Channels* magazine, "tend to be notoriously undervalued in the stock market because the absolute worth of their licenses is rarely taken into account. A broadcast license is an abstraction, a unique privilege protected by the government: it is not like real property, yet it has a way of appreciating." Capital Cities paid $118 per share in its friendly takeover of ABC in 1985 on stock that was trading at $52 before takeover rumors began. That totalled $3.5 billion. But how much is ABC really worth? Probably another two billion, say industry insiders, and the same was true of CBS.

Turner wasn't working to see a better world. He wanted CBS because it was a bargain, and he would stop at nothing to get it. William Paley, founder of CBS, he called a "failure"; the network itself a "cheap whorehouse" that had been "taken over by the sleaze artists." Network executives, he said, "oughta be tried for treason, they're the worst enemies America's ever had." Turner even hoodwinked the hapless Jesse Helms crew into believing that he was on their side. At a critical moment in his attempt to convince the Senator's Fairness in Media group to buy up CBS stock, Turner fired his chief political correspondent —the veteran liberal Daniel Schorr. Coincidence? Not likely. This, it seems

[1]Turner ran up against the hard facts of the syndication market. Syndicators make their money selling TV shows to a hundred different TV stations in a hundred different markets simultaneously. Viacom, for example, just sold a package of "Cosby Show" reruns to WOR in New York for $364,000 per episode. By the time Viacom has sold "Cosby" to the Chicago and Los Angeles and Miami and whatever other major urban markets, they'll have made many times that. They're reluctant to sell to Turner, however. He's a national network, and one showing on WTBS runs all across the country, thereby destroying the multiple resale capability of syndication. If he could pay the equivalent of what syndicators make across the country, they might sell to him, but of course he can't. It follows that as Turner has reached more and more of a national audience in the last few years, syndicators have become less and less willing to sell him quality programming. All they will give him—and all he can afford to buy—are the creaky TV shows of yesteryear that he started with ten years ago.

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in retrospect, was nothing but a sop to his right-wing allies of the moment.

Then there were last summer's Goodwill Games, the U.S.-Soviet mini-Olympics that Turner went $20 million in the hole putting together in Moscow. Turner tried to pass them off as his personal exercise in détente, but in reality the games were staged principally for business reasons. By cozying up to the Soviets, Turner hoped to get access to what he sees as the enormous untapped media potential of the Eastern bloc. At the same time, if the 1990 Goodwill Games in Seattle are even moderately successful, Turner stands to clear $200 million or more.

There is more here, though, than simply the issue of money. Consider Turner's offer to CBS shareholders, a mixture of high-risk junk bonds and shares in the Turner broadcasting systems but no cash. As Les Brown points out, "He was not so much buying CBS as running for its presidency. In proposing to buy the company largely with its own money, Turner in effect was asking the shareholders to vote him in, because he is who he is—whatever that is."

"Whatever that is" is someone who seems to have convinced at least himself that there is a higher purpose to his construction of a media empire. Listen to his personal goal as a businessman, a goal he repeats again and again: "My main concern is to be of benefit to the world, to build up a global communications system that helps humanity come together . . ." Turner thinks he can help save the world by launching satellites and erecting transmission towers, by buying television networks and by building the structures of communication.

Turner wouldn't have gone near the idea of the Goodwill Games if he didn't see a significant future dividend, but once he got involved with the project he only half-jokingly called the games his bid for a Nobel Peace Prize. Turner thought that by getting Americans and Russians on the same screen, by staging "the biggest joint effort between the Soviet Union and the U.S. since World War II," he was making an important contribution to East-West relations. He wanted to set up the cameras and the broadcast towers and the satellites so that the two countries could talk.

Today on WTBS, ten years after he promised Congress that he would stop showing reruns of "I Love Lucy" and "Gilligan's Island" for the fifty-seventh time, Turner still shows reruns of "I Love Lucy" and "Gilligan's Island."

As philosophies go, this is fairly empty and naive. Turner never seemed too concerned, for example, about what would actually be said. For him, the talking was more important than the words. It does, however, bear a striking resemblance to his approach to cable television. Why has he cared so little and displayed such cynicism about TV programming? Because for him the promise and potential of cable is tied up in its technical revolution, in its remarkable ability to beam out programming all over America by satellite, in its ability to give viewers two or three or even four times as many shows to watch on their television. But not in the shows themselves. For Turner, in a remarkably literal sense, the medium is the message.

This is not an unusual attitude for a technological pioneer to take. David Sarnoff, the founder of RCA, started NBC as a free service to his customers because he wanted to sell more radios; programming was as distant and trivial a concern to him as it is to Turner. The difference is that Sarnoff was quite frank about preferring the medium to the message, while Turner has sought to obscure his true feelings with level upon level of nonsense about American values and cleaning up TV.

At the same time, Turner's opinion matters in a way that Sarnoff's never did. Turner operates in an industry which has been nurtured, protected, and in some sense created by a series of very favorable regulatory and legislative judgments over the past ten years. "My biggest job," Turner has always acknowledged, "is in Washington. . . . I've got to protect myself first in Washington." And here, the question of just what it is Turner believes is of some importance. For it is clear that all of the regulators and legislators who have looked so favorably upon cable have done so in part because they took Turner's vision of ending the wasteland that is TV seriously. It may be going too far to say that they were fooled by Turner. But certainly had they known in 1976 and 1980—the critical years of cable regulation—that Turner's message extended no further than the medium, and that his grand vision was no more than the desire to get cable into more homes and more money into his pockets, they might have balked at some of the industry's more excessive demands. Let us say, charitably, that there was confusion in Washington, and that that confusion extended to the regulation of the industry. Congress and the FCC thought that the effect of all the handouts and protections that cable asked for would be to promote the quality and diversity of cable programming. They were wrong.

Of all the breaks Congress has given the cable industry, none is more remarkable than cable's exemption from copyright liability. Say you own an independent television station in Cleveland, and pay a million dollars to a syndicator for three years' worth of "M*A*S*H" reruns. A cable system operator in Kansas City has the right to pick up your broadcast signal, and re-transmit your programming without getting your permission or paying you any money. The cable operator, by dint of the Copyright Act of 1976, has a "compulsory license" to pick up whatever he wants off the air, and pipe it to his subscribers. All he has to do is pay a nominal fee to what is known as the Copyright Royalty Tribunal (CRT).

"There's no question that the compulsory license amounts to a subsidy for cable," says Fritz Attaway, vice-president of the Motion Picture Association of America. With every other kind of copyrighted material, rights are acquired by negotiation, and values are set by the marketplace. Cable, however, gets whatever programming it wants, and pays according to a rate set by Congress. And that rate, even after it was readjusted in 1981, is still less than what cable operators would pay for TV shows if they were forced to buy them on the open market. The result is that while broadcast TV stations pay about 40 percent of their revenues for programming, cable pays, at most, 4 percent of revenues for copyright to on-the-air programming.

The effect is to relieve cable programmers, like Turner, of much of their responsibility to create original TV fare, and makes the operators of cable systems much more attractive to potential subscribers.[2] Where would cable be, for example, without the pirated signals of WGN and WOR? If a TV viewer watches "The Cosby Show" on cable, it isn't because Turner or some other cable channel has gone out and spent millions to buy the rights to it. It's because WOR has, and local operators have picked up WOR's signal for next to nothing. As long as there is such a cheap source of prime-time programming for cable, people like Turner are under little pressure to produce original TV shows themselves. That's one of the reasons the Motion Picture Association is so strongly opposed to the compulsory license. Says Attaway: "It inhibits the development of made for cable programming because that

[2]Cable operators are the people who win franchise from individual cities to set up cable systems: they sell cable to individual subscribers, run the cable from home to home, and put together the channel offering. Turner is not an operator at all. As owner of CNN and WTBS he is a programmer, in the same league as ESPN, MTV, or C-SPAN. He sells his product to cable operators.

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does have to be paid for in the marketplace."

Since 1976, numerous attempts have been made in Congress to take away the compulsory license and abolish the CRT. Cable had a close call in 1979, for example, when Congress seemed dead set on changing the rules. But Turner had some powerful friends in the Senate—including Barry Goldwater, who, no doubt, saw in Turner some kind of entrepreneurial ideal—and killed the bill with a knock-'em-dead appearance before Goldwater's Communications subcommittee. Turner turned what should have been a discussion of complicated copyright law into a referendum on the performance of the major networks. The irony, Turner later admitted to a meeting in Atlanta, was that "everything my enemies said was true. We won in Washington on an emotional issue! I just decided to attack the rest of television. The logic was that it was in the best interest of the American people to steal those no-good bastards' programs anyway."

In 1980, cable got another big break, this time from the FCC. Up until that point, cable operators had not been able to pipe in a TV show that was already being shown locally. In other words, if a TV station in Cleveland bought the rights to "M*A*S*H" from a syndicator, that meant that no one else could show "M*A*S*H" in Cleveland. Copyright implied exclusivity. If a cable operator was to bring in, say, WOR from New York, and WOR carried "M*A*S*H," the operator had to black the show out when it appeared.

The FCC abolished this rule in 1980. The key here was FCC Commissioner Charles Ferris, a man who liked cable so much that after he quit the FCC he signed on as one of Ted Turner's lawyers. Ferris claimed that he was freeing the industry from government intervention, but that wasn't what he was doing at all. In reality, he was fundamentally altering the relationship between cable and broadcast television. Now cable operators and TV station owners were both running "M*A*S*H" and competing for the same audience. Any cable operator had an overwhelming advantage: he was pirating "M*A*S*H" off the air-waves for next to nothing while the local TV station was paying for it on the open market. Under the new rule, where was cable's incentive to come up with original programming? People like Turner could now just show the same reruns all the local TV stations were showing. **The effect, in short, of the Copyright Act and the FCC's policy change was to make** cable less of a distinct television alternative and more of a parasite on the broadcast industry.

There are other, infinitely more complicated areas in which cable has been given an unfair advantage over its broadcast competitors. Consider the effective monopoly cable has on the transmission of TV signals. Whoever runs a TV cable into the back of someone's TV set, controls the channels that set receives. Even if the homeowner leaves his antenna up, he needs to install a complicated series of switches in order to receive over-the-air programming. This gives cable companies potentially tremendous power over local TV stations. Picture again our independent TV station in Cleveland. A cable franchise is granted, and the operator decides not to carry you on his system. Say he signs up 50 percent of the Cleveland TV audience: suddenly you've been locked out of half the city's homes.

It was not until the Goodwill Games of last summer that the rest of the press, in particular the right-wing press, caught on to the fact that Turner was not "conservative" in any sense at all.

Can anyone else run a cable into private homes? No way. Cable franchises are monopolies. Independent TV stations would love to get together with the local phone company and run their signals in on fibre optic, but the 1984 Cable Communications Act makes that illegal. "Cable won that one," admits Preston Padden, president of the Association of Independent Television Stations. "We were asleep at the switch."

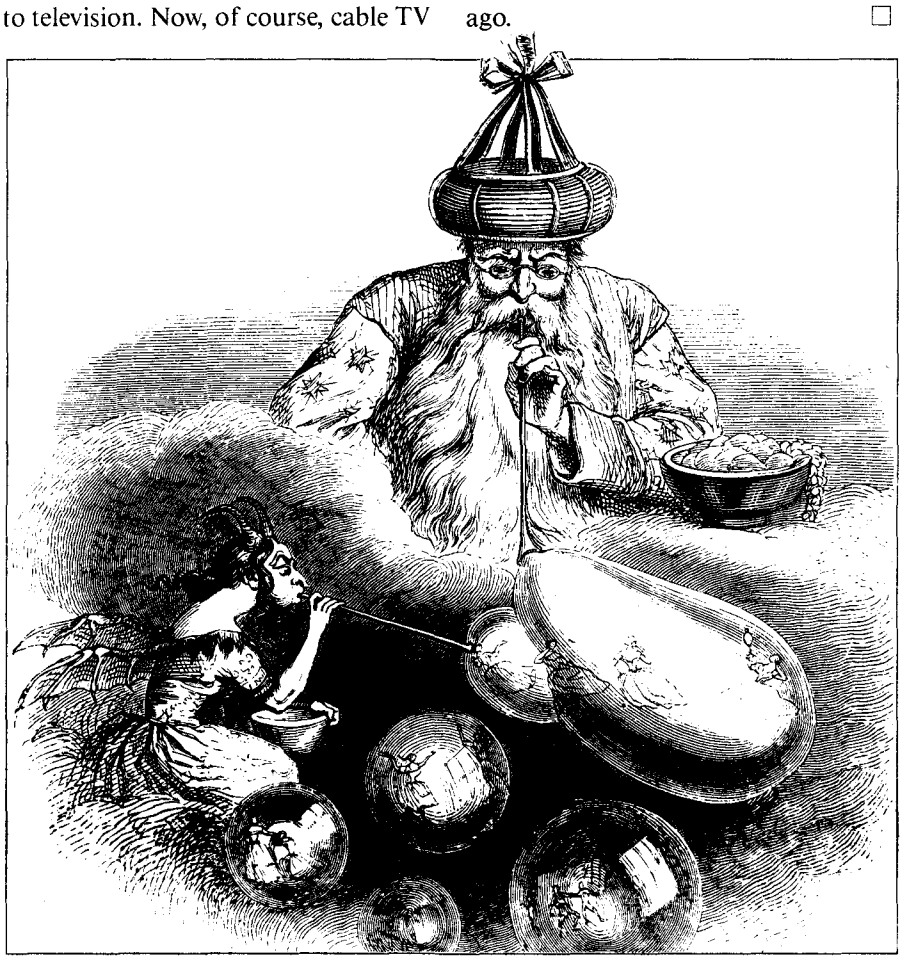
The cable industry refuses to admit that what they have is a monopoly, and insist that they have a First Amendment right to "edit" the channels their subscribers receive. Luckily, such "editing" was temporarily forbidden by an FCC order of last summer, although cable still has a few tricks up its sleeve. Consider the tale of channel 13 in Seattle, a popular independent movie station. A cable operator came to town, carried 13 on its system, but banished it to the commercial oblivion of channel 37. In its place was inserted cable's Arts and Entertainment network, which shows roughly the same programming. Sleazy? Sure. Illegal? Oh, no.

There is no likelihood of cable losing these privileges in the near **future. The comprehensive Cable Act of 1984 was supposed to be deregulatory, which it was only in the narrow** sense that it removed regulations that hurt cable and kept those that helped. Control by local governments over cable subscriber rates, for example, was shelved. CRT rates weren't. "Cable's got the best of all possible worlds," says Attaway. "It's totally deregulated in what it can charge its subscribers, and highly regulated in terms of what it has to pay for its programming." "They're very good at lobbying," concludes Henry Geller, former counsel to the FCC. "They're better than anyone else."

"Historically, cable TV has gained its advantages by posing as a little mom and pop industry that couldn't afford to play by the rules," says Preston Padden. Here Ted Turner's role has been critical. It was he who went before Congress in 1976, painting himself as a maverick upstart struggling to make "more voices heard than the network voices out of New York." Congress bought the act, granting cable preferential treatment because it was thought that it would be "impractical and unduly burdensome" to require every cable system to negotiate with every copyright owner. Congress wanted to protect the fledging cable industry because of all the good it was thought the Turners of the world would bring to television. Now, of course, cable TV is a $6-billion-a-year operation whose main players include Time Inc., Westinghouse, Warner-Amex, and Times Mirror. Turner's empire alone is worth one and a half billion. Moms and Pops? "They've sold out and are living in Palm Springs," says Padden. Yet the image remains, and the handouts keep coming.

Turner can't be blamed, of course, for trying to get the best deal he can out of Washington. The blame, if it is to be applied, belongs entirely with the regulators and legislators who have been mesmerized by the Turner talk and who have frittered away the possibilities for a real cable alternative with short-sighted and ill-considered decisions. Nor is Turner's hypocrisy really all that shocking. He may have told Congress ten years ago that "if I cannot do a good enough job to attract the viewers to my station in the free and open marketplace, then I do not deserve these viewers. I do not think that I should, by government regulation, be protected," just before he asked Congress for precisely that protection. But everyone does this now, if not on the same grand scale as Turner.

Ted Turner's story amounts, in the end, simply to a cautionary tale about the role of ideas in Washington. For the benefit of his regulators, and his audience, Turner has played embattled entrepreneur, television savior, right-wing point man, and—for his own whims—communications peacemaker. What he really wants to do is make a lot of money. Somehow we would all have been better off if he had admitted that to us—and to himself—ten years ago. □



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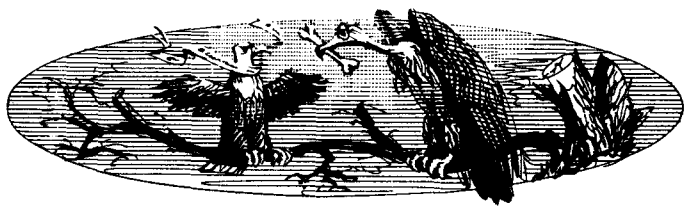

HOWARD BEACH BUMS

by William Tucker

In 1982 three black subway workers returning home from their afternoon shift on Coney Island stopped at a bagel shop in Gravesend, a tough Italian neighborhood a few blocks north in Brooklyn. Within minutes they were set upon by a gang of white teenagers wielding rocks and sticks. One of the workers, Willie Turks, age 35, was beaten to death.

The attackers were quickly identified to police by people in the neighborhood. Within a year, four youths were put on trial. Several local witnesses, including three obviously terrified teenage girls, testified against them. All four of the young men were convicted, one of manslaughter, and three are still in prison.

I mention all this only because it proves that the justice system can and does work in New York—when victims, witnesses, and attorneys are willing to give it a chance.

By now you have probably heard all about the infamous Howard Beach incident, where yet another group of white teenagers beat three black men and chased one of them to his death on the Belt Parkway. The two killings, although identical, have had almost the opposite consequences.

In the Willie Turks case, justice was done, swiftly and surely. I recall a left-wing fringe group plastering my neighborhood with posters urging racial warfare. But no such thing happened. Probably the best measure of success of the Willie Turks prosecution is that, in the middle of the current controversy, few people have even mentioned it.

The Howard Beach case, on the other hand, has brought New York to the fringes of racial warfare. Gangs of blacks have attacked whites, shouting "Howard Beach, Howard Beach!" In a city where race relations are not notably antagonistic, the cry has suddenly gone up that "blacks can't possibly get a fair shake out of the system."

Why did the Howard Beach case explode while the Willie Turks case did not? Here is the sequence of events:

On Friday, December 19, around midnight, a car carrying four black men stalled in a remote spot near the Gateway National Recreation Area on Jamaica Bay. The owner stayed with the car while the three passengers—Cedric Sandiford, 36, Michael Griffith, 23, and Timothy Grimes, 18—went for help. About three miles up the road they wandered into Howard Beach, a tightly knit Italian community tucked between the Belt Parkway and JFK Airport.

Antennae in Howard Beach are so attuned to the presence of strange blacks that, five minutes after the three men stopped for pizza at a busy intersection, police arrived to investigate the "suspicious incident." Minutes after the police left, the men were set upon by three carloads of white teenagers wielding baseball bats and a tree limb. A couple of these courageous hoodlums had spotted the trio earlier, shouted racial epithets at them, and then returned to a birthday party to arm themselves and round up more brave recruits.

Grimes ran three long blocks north to the entrance to the Belt Parkway, where he hitched a ride and escaped. Sandiford and Griffith fled east on 156th Avenue, running seven blocks until they were trapped on a grassy shoulder beside the Belt Parkway. Both were beaten until they found a hole in a chain-link fence and ran out onto the highway. Sandiford headed west along the east-bound shoulder and escaped. Griffith tried to cross the highway. He made it across the east-bound lane, but was struck by a car on the west-bound side and killed.

The story was front-page news on Sunday. By Monday fifty detectives had canvassed the neighborhood and made eleven arrests. Jon Lester—a 17-year-old who looks 13, with bleached hair and a pending gun rap—was identified as the main instigator. Queens district attorney John Santucci announced plans to charge three ringleaders with second-degree murder, worth about 25 years in prison. Mayor Koch expressed outrage over what he charitably called a "lynching." (It was worse than a lynching since there wasn't even a pretense that the three men had done anything wrong.) Hazel Dukes, director of the New York NAACP, expressed satisfaction that the arrests had been made. The system seemed to be working about as well as it ever does.

The resolution of the case lasted one week. At that point, Alton Maddox and C. Vernon Mason, two black attorneys representing Sandiford and Grimes respectively, announced they would not allow their clients to testify any further because District Attorney Santucci was "covering up" the case. Since Sandiford was the only witness who saw the gang chase Griffith onto the highway, the tenuous murder charge had to be abandoned. The three ringleaders were charged only with assault and released from jail.

Maddox and Mason, both criminal attorneys, are part of an emerging "second-tier" of black leadership that finds itself challenging not only white politicians but the established black leadership. Mason has been highly critical of Manhattan district attorney Robert Morgenthau on several incidents involving blacks—including the Bernhard Goetz case—and ran an unsuccessful primary campaign against Morgenthau in 1985. Maddox, a lesser known figure, has also been critical of the justice system on several issues.

Their argument for a "cover-up" was ludicrous almost beyond description. Based only on Sandiford's recollection that he had been pursued by a gang member in a "black Chevrolet," Maddox and Mason decided that the driver of the Dodge Aspen that struck Griffith—a 24-year-old court officer named Dominick Blum—was part of the gang that first attacked the three men at the pizza shop. They would not allow either Sandiford or Grimes to testify unless Blum was also charged with murder.

Blum lives in Flatbush five miles away and had never even visited Howard Beach. He claimed he was driving home with his girlfriend from a play at Brooklyn College and had several witnesses to his whereabouts throughout the evening. Blum told police the accident occurred when he was forced to make a fast turn into the right-hand lane after the car in front of him suddenly slowed down (probably to avoid Griffith). While glancing behind him, he struck something that broke his windshield. The impact woke his girlfriend, who was asleep on the front seat.

Blum stopped the car and the couple tried to peer behind them through heavy traffic to see what had happened. When nothing became visible and no other cars stopped, they decided they must have struck "an animal or a tire." Blum crept home with a broken windshield. Only when the extent of the damage to the front end of his car became apparent did Blum's

William Tucker is The American Spectator*'s New York correspondent and the author of* Vigilante: The Backlash Against Crime in America.

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father—a policeman—drive him back to the scene to report the accident.

Police had already investigated Sandiford's tenuous claims that Griffith had been run over by one of the gang members, but found the logistics highly improbable. The Belt Parkway is the major limited-access highway through the area, with hundreds of cars passing every minute, even late at night. In order to have been part of the initial attack—and then to have gotten out onto the highway—Blum would have had to split off from the chase somewhere along 156th Avenue, drive north three blocks to the cloverleaf entrance, drive west on the Belt Parkway at 50 mph for over a mile, and then finally—with perfect prescience—arrive at the exact spot where Griffith was trying to cross the highway.

All this might be of interest to people who are still trying to prove that Oswald didn't kill Kennedy, or that Shakespeare really didn't write Shakespeare's plays. But to Mason and Maddox, it was just the sort of fantastic plot of which all white people are capable. "There really doesn't have to be any connection between Blum and the gang," Mason explained later. "If he was in the area and saw whites chasing a black, he could have joined in, especially since he's a court officer."

The newspapers—not wanting to say that two black attorneys were making jackasses out of themselves—tried to hum along as best they could. "Why was Mr. Maddox withholding cooperation by Mr. Sandiford?" ingenuously inquired the *New York Times*. "Like racism, the questions seemed to go on and on." "Why did Blum not bring his own car back to the accident scene?" asked the *Daily News*, trying to add its own aura of mystery. (Blum had already said his windshield was so badly cracked that he barely made it home.)

On cue, however, blacks all over New York suddenly decided that Blum, the son-of-a-policeman, must be the real villain. The family received hundreds of threatening phone calls from angry blacks. Even the *Daily News*'s ordinarily intelligent columnist, Bob Herbert (who is black), couldn't resist taking a swipe at "Dominick ('I Thought I Hit a Tire') Blum."

As black anger mounted, Governor Mario Cuomo found himself in what may soon become a familiar dilemma. As the heir apparent to 1960s liberalism, Cuomo obviously had to appease blacks. Yet all this outcry had a distinctly anti-Italian flavor. Jimmy Breslin, New York's most reliable weathervane of demagoguery, carefully noted that the situation wasn't surprising since Santucci was Italian and Italians are known to be involved in organized crime. Blacks themselves announced they would dramatize their anger by refusing to eat pizza on Martin Luther King Day.

Under extreme pressure, Cuomo finally took the case out of Santucci's hands and gave it to Charles Hynes, a WASPish special state prosecutor. Clearly Queens Italians couldn't be trusted on such matters. The *Times* and the *News* breathed a sigh of relief and hailed Cuomo's "compromise." Maddox and Mason announced a "people's victory" and expressed confidence that Blum would be arrested shortly. No one bothered to ask what would happen when Hynes reached the same conclusion Santucci had—that Blum was just an innocent third party.

What is most remarkable about the Howard Beach incident is how quickly irrationality can take over public discourse. If it were up to me, the whole gang from Howard Beach would be put away for twenty years. Even if I took some weird pleasure out of seeing innocent blacks beaten to death, the only major consequence of the event for me is that my chances of being jumped in the subway next week by a group of "young bloods" screaming "Howard Beach! Howard Beach!" have increased significantly.

Yet simple justice was obviously not what Maddox and Mason had in mind. Instead, they were looking for an indictment against the whole white race. "This thing is bigger than Michael Griffith," Mason told reporters. "We've got our own agenda"—to which the *New York Post* responded: "That's precisely the point!"

District attorneys and police officers everywhere say that the most difficult problem in prosecuting criminals is getting victims and witnesses to come forth and testify. Usually, the problem is a witness's indifference—or fear of retaliation from criminals. Yet when two key witnesses and their attorneys decide to blow a solid murder case by insisting on their own bizarre interpretation of events, this suddenly proves the system is "racist."

No one would deny that there are racial tensions in any American city—and that these tensions can easily mushroom into violence. The main task of the justice system is to patrol the borders between the races and make sure that hotheads on either side are kept under control. Ordinary people on both sides have a common interest in maintaining this informal armistice. When the justice system fails to do this, or is subverted by radicals with a different agenda, then ordinary people of both races are left with no one to confront but each other. □

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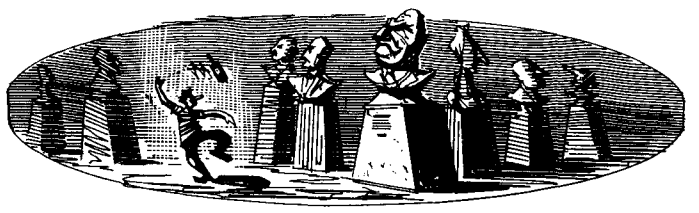


HUNTHAUSEN HUMBLED

by Tory Stempf

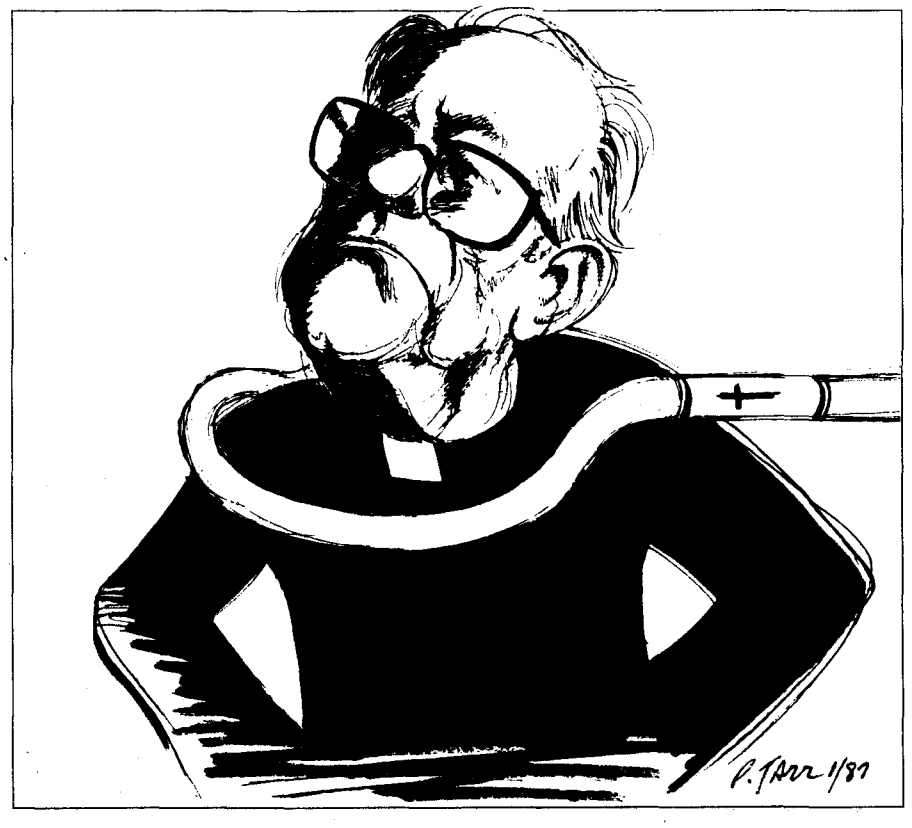
The Almighty ordained 1986 a year of tribulation for Seattle's "peace bishop," Raymond G. Hunthausen. First the prelate was publicly censured by the Vatican for incompetence and stripped of authority in key areas of his ministry, and then forced to beg for help from the National Conference of Catholic Bishops (NCCB) which never materialized. On top of these traumatic events came the diagnosis of his "early stage D" prostate cancer. Fortunately, the pre-Christmas surgery was deemed a complete success, and the archbishop, in typical form, left the hospital just one week later.

The prognosis for Hunthausen's recovery looks in fact a lot better than his chances of making up with Rome. One reason for this is surely the archbishop's own lack of remorse. But there is also the fact that this particular dispute has evolved in an atmosphere of what the NCCB calls a "growing and dangerous disaffection" and "estrangement" within the American church over the question of papal authority—and Hunthausen, along with theologian Charles Curran, has been transfigured by supporters and the press into a kind of symbol of that rift.

"The Hunthausen case reflects the growing polarization in American Catholicism between progressives who have absorbed the reforms of the Second Vatican Council and conservatives who stress unchanging tradition, with the pope siding, in most things, with the latter." Thus spake the *Washington Post* on November 9. It proceeded to warn that "the same conservative forces that triggered the Seattle debacle" threaten the "survival" of the whole American church. For "if they can do it to Hunthausen," suggested the Rev. Richard McSorley of the Center for Peace Studies at Georgetown University, who wore a "Weakland for Pope" button and a red (denoting martyrdom) letter "H" on his lapel at the NCCB conclave in November, "then they can do it to any one of the [American] bishops."

Can "they" really? If true, it means putting Hunthausen in that elite clique of liberal church leaders which includes Chicago's Joseph Cardinal Bernardin and Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee. The trouble is, Hunthausen isn't them, by a long shot. Unassertive, a bit frumpy, compulsive, with no intellectual interests or discernible charisma; and most important, with no political savvy or connections within the NCCB—and totally lacking any ambitions for such—"Dutch" Hunthausen makes a lousy standard-bearer for Catholic progressivism, much less the dangerous heretic the Vatican would target for an *auto-da-fé*.

Significantly, the bishops' tepid (others say cowardly) support for him at the November meeting seemed to be saying the same thing: that the archbishop, "saintly" and "Jesus-like" though he may be, is not the innocent victim of Vatican reaction so many church (and non-church) liberals want to believe he is. Because while the Holy See admits to being exercised over the degree of American dissent aimed at Rome (the apparent reason for its tiff with Curran), its unprecedented humbling of a sane and healthy prelate, ham-handed though it was, really had to do with events particular to Seattle that had been going on for a long time. This is what the original bill of particulars against him, and later the Vatican's "Chronology," attempted, however clumsily, to say: that what "triggered" the Seattle debacle was finally the archbishop himself.



The Vatican's critique centers on leadership, or what is politely called Hunthausen's "collegial style of management." Temperamentally averse to taking orders to begin with ("my understanding of the virtue of obedience has never allowed me simply to acquiesce"), the archbishop took to heart Vatican II's call for more freedom of personal conscience when he arrived in Seattle in 1975. "He was already so firmly convinced that 'the spirit of God moves among all people,' " a reporter wrote, "that it was natural for him to open the governance of his diocese to parish priests and lay people." "He made the church a democracy," said the Rev. Robert Beaulieu. "He expected us all to be mature in applying gospel principles to our jobs, and it gave the whole diocese a new sense of energy and life."

Energy and life, perhaps. But collegiality fostered some misunderstandings as well. Foremost was the idea that secular concepts like democracy and free speech could be adopted by a religious institution. This may pose no special problem for contemporary Protestantism. But as Archbishop Daniel Pilarczyk, vice president-elect of the NCCB, recently pointed out: "In a theological context, it just doesn't fit in with a church that has doctrines. And the [Catholic] church has doctrines."

But, of course, matters of doctrine and authority are not what underlings suddenly being exhorted to follow their own consciences think about. They think about following their consciences, which, being the products of an ecumenical, progressive Seattle heritage, are naturally going to take a leftward direction. That's why Hunthausen's democratization campaign was proceeded by a rapidly expanding Chancery bureaucracy with a $5-million-plus budget and "a host of services" that one observer estimates grew nearly five times during Hunthausen's tenure. Among the "services" that had nothing to do with Catholicism was the Justice and Peace Center, whose grand passion was the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua. By 1983, however, a reporter discovered that even Chancery insiders now considered Hunthausen's power-sharing "excessive": "If parish priests, nuns and lay workers felt they were too tightly controlled under [former Archbishop Thomas] Connolly, many now complain that no one's in charge, that in consulting everyone about everything, the archbishop has dropped the reins."

As a result, traditional Catholic concerns suffered. For instance, the archdiocese's Respect Life Committee, a pro-life advisory group, resigned en

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masse because it felt the Chancery staff assigned to work with it was stalling. Hunthausen was urged to intervene, but even though he himself is virulently anti-abortion (so much for his liberalism) he did nothing. Evidently the benign neglect extended to matters concerning confession, intercommunion with non-Catholics, divorce, contraception, homosexuality, and married priests as well. The "net effect" of Hunthausen's abdicating his responsibilities, an observer noted, was "not true collegiality, but oligarchical rule by a staff that follows its own liberal agenda."

So part of the problem was an unbridled band of overzealous lieutenants. Surely in the course of the two-plus years of his investigation of Seattle, during which he talked to hundreds of parishioners pro and contra, "apostolic visitor" James Hickey found this common knowledge out on his own. No doubt, too, he got a strong whiff of the underlying liberal-cultural hubris that flourishes (not just in the Catholic Church) here—that is, the air of self-importance and moral superiority which seems to have been stimulated by Hunthausen's ministry. Indeed, these attitudes were cogently expressed in Seattle pastor Phillip Bloom's recent letter to the *New York Times*, where he denied that any "abuses" had even taken place, and asked impudently whether, like murdered Salvadoran archbishop Oscar Romero before him, Hunthausen (and by implication Bloom himself) wasn't simply "being attacked for taking official church teachings too seriously."

In short, Hickey didn't need a nutty tabloid like the *Wanderer* or any other "arch-conservative" bogeymen to tell him Seattle had a serious problem: an archbishop stubbornly acting with "excessive humility" like a parish priest, the result being anarchy and pandemic administrative failure to articulate a specific Catholic identity or worldview. Which is why the Vatican found this good and gentle archbishop "a man of gospel values," but "lacking the firmness to govern the archdiocese."

This crucial matter of competence got buried by the sexier, and even more misconstrued, issue of Hunthausen's radical politics; namely the assumption that if Hunthausen were a political conservative, the Holy See would never have acted against him.

The popular misconception was correctible; Hunthausen merely had to dissociate himself from the left-wing fruitflies buzzing in profusion around him, often not even Catholic but who were using him and the church to advance their own secular agendas. But he didn't. And one can surmise with some confidence that investigator Hickey asked himself why not, and then proceeded to learn the answer, uncovering in the process the core trouble with the archbishop's opinions: not that they were "left" or "right" per se, but that they corrupted the universality of the gospel message by exploiting Christian belief for political ends.

Listen to how Hunthausen couched his views: "I am challenged increasingly by the nonviolent truth of the Cross . . . to lose our lives for peace." "I am convinced that as Christian people we cannot live with [nuclear arms] and profess to be people of Christ." "You can't look at the life of the Lord and come to any other conclusion [than pacifism]." "The teaching of Jesus tells us to render to a nuclear-armed Caesar what that Caesar deserves: tax resistance." Nuclear deterrence is "an inconceivable sin."

Hunthausen calls his views plain "Gospel logic"—they are what "people of Christ" believe. James Hickey, on the other hand, evidently saw something else, the real cause of the spiritual suffering afflicting the archdiocese; namely a liberal flip-side to the right-wing fundamentalism that judges people's Christian piety by its political

Is Congress about to wage war against the forces of change?

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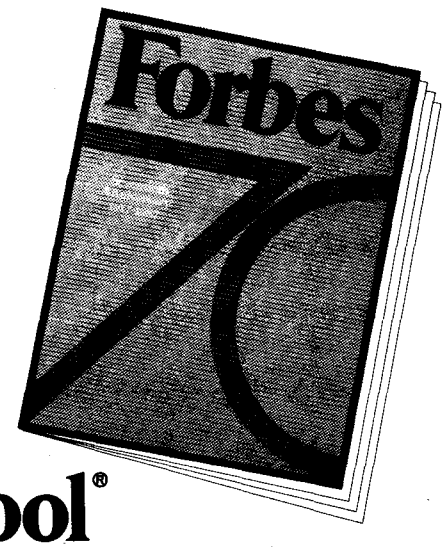

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"correctness." For whatever Hunthausen's intentions (and he insists he is only "challenging" people's values, not dictating them), a kind of inquisition, this time by the left, was going on in Seattle, with "heretics" being isolated spiritually, even physically, from the life of their church and community—a process of schism-making in a palpable sense.

In sum, it would have made no difference to the Holy See if, instead of nuclear deterrence, Hunthausen had called détente with the Soviet Union an "inconceivable sin." The victims and inquisitors would have simply changed places. But the conditions of discord and recrimination and alienation would have remained, necessitating the Vatican to stress the archbishop's "need to bring into clear focus . . . certain teachings of the church and their implications for the pastoral practices of the Archdiocese. These include the role of the conscience in making moral decisions . . ."

The postscript is that Hunthausen refuses to accept the verdict. The *Weekly*'s Rebecca Boren was surely right when she figured that the Vatican, even before the bishops' conference in November, suspected Hunthausen of defiance. Now its suspicions seem confirmed. He continues to minimize, if not deny, the situation in Seattle, blaming for his parishioners' anguish the power-sharing arrangement with auxiliary bishop Donald Wuerl, not his own actions. In fact, he says, "I don't see the need to change my ministry at all," and practically demands that all his powers be restored "as soon as possible. I would even say at once." He seems to be daring the Vatican to ask him to resign.

Meanwhile the church continues to bleed, and this most "pastoral" of prelates does nothing to heal the wound. A kind of rigid, messianic ardor seems to stop him. A Catholic intellectual who admires the man's spirituality but calls him "stubborn as hell" mentioned a recent *National Catholic Reporter* article that viciously called Auxiliary Bishop Wuerl one of "Hitler's soldiers." It was the perfect time, he said, for Hunthausen to step in and stop such slander against an innocent man, plus begin the process of reconciliation that his ministry heretofore has worked against. But he didn't. Donald Wuerl, the church, are left twisting slowly in the wind—for a man's pride. "You can see Hunthausen only one of two ways," he tells me. "Either he's preternaturally innocent and doesn't really know what he's doing to people, or he's dissembling. Up to now I thought it was the former. Now I don't know." □

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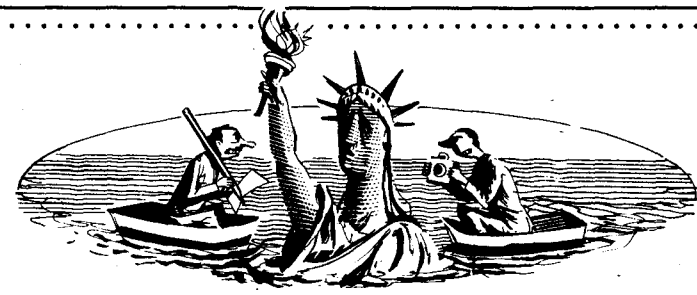


CRASHING BOARS

by Michael Ledeen

We are all indebted to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for publishing, on January 3, the story of the month. Its significance is such that I quote it in its entirety:

United Press International
Islamabad, Pakistan—A Pakistan Air Force F-16 fighter burst into flames after a charging wild boar knocked its front wheel off during takeoff, an English-language newspaper said yesterday.

The $30 million U.S.-made jet scraped along the runway and turned "into a fireball," and the two pilots ejected safely, the Nation newspaper said. There was no report on the boar's condition.

The incident took place Dec. 17 at Sargodha Air Base, about 120 miles south of Islamabad, the capital, the newspaper said.

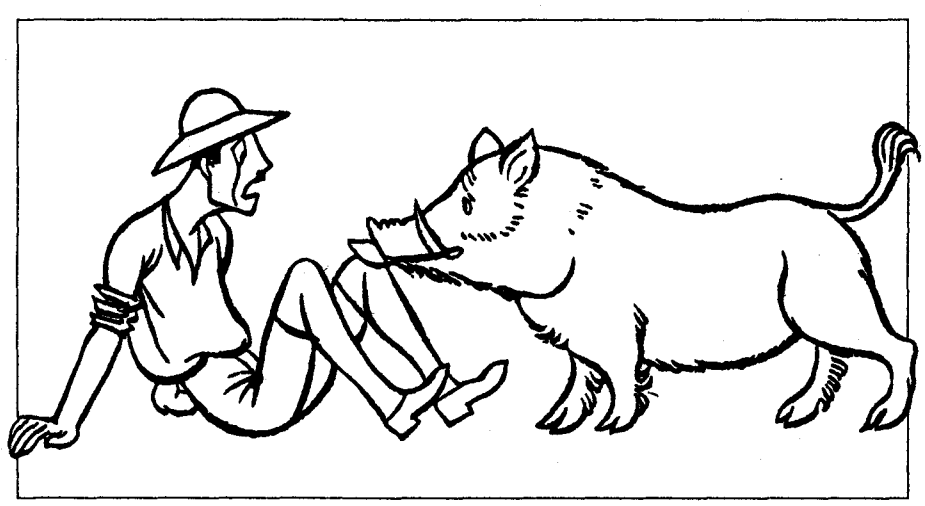
A Pakistan military spokesman, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, said the report was "incorrect," but refused to elaborate.

Pakistan has acquired 40 F-16s from the United States in response to the Soviet military presence in neighboring Afghanistan. An estimated 115,000 Soviet soldiers are in Afghanistan to help the communist government fight Muslim guerrillas.

The headline, "Angry pig kills warplane on a runway in Pakistan," is really not up to the quality of this UPI story. If I had been the headline writer I would have insisted upon something involving a "crashing boar," since if this was not a crashing boar, what ever will be?

But more seriously, what is one to make of this story? Back in the days when people in what has unfortunately come to be called the "news business" still carried out practical jokes, this would undoubtedly have been one of them. Most Americans don't know, for example, that the BBC—radio and television alike—used to specialize in witty spoofs. One of the most famous of these was a television report on the "pasta harvest" in Italy, showing pretty girls in peasant costumes walking through the fields picking spaghetti, fettucini, and other succulent strands of pasta from trees and bushes. The voice-over went something like, "It has been an unusually good harvest this year, and the first tender shoots of spaghettini are now being harvested and delivered to the tables of eager gourmets in Rome, Florence, and Milan."

But this sort of thing doesn't happen anymore unless it is carefully labeled—undoubtedly the result of an overemphasis on consumer protection at the expense of entrepreneurial creativity—and so we must look elsewhere for the explanation. I prefer to believe that this is the product of local culture rebelling against modern technology, a kind of modern fairy tale in the wraps of news-agency-speak. Some fellow in Islamabad dreamed that a demi-god, in the form of a boar, came to protect traditional values from the onslaught of modernity. And it made the papers.



And why not? Anyone reading the American press these days would come to the conclusion that our own journalists get much of their material from witchdoctors and shamans, too. Take the question that has occupied so many of our investigative heroes of late: who thought up the idea of diverting money from Iranian arms sales to the contras? The *New York Times* reported that Meese had told congressional investigators that North had told him that the idea had come from David Kimche, the former director of the Israeli Foreign Ministry. Kimche violently denied it. Then the *Washington Post* reported that Meese had told congressional investigators that North had told him that the idea had come from Aviram Nir, the Israeli Prime Minister's adviser on terrorism. (An interesting footnote to this is that the *Post* just cannot manage to spell Nir's first name. They spell it "Amiran.") I found a good congressional source who told me that Meese couldn't exactly remember the name of the Israeli cited by North.

Now, quite aside from the question of what North said—and the more important question of what is true—it would seem that it ought to be possible for the congressional folks at least to get straight what Meese said. But this seems impossible. I found myself pondering this while reading the *New York Times*'s account of a draft report by the

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Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. Virtually everything in there about me was wrong, even though I had spent several hours going over those very same details.

So, gentle reader, if the committee staffers can't even read their own notes, how can the journalists—who generally get this information in garbled form—possibly get it right? They can't, and so we get myths in print.

Story that I Bet You All Missed

On January 12, Jack Anderson and Dale Van Atta, in a rare departure for them inasmuch as they cited a public document instead of classified material, reported on a poll showing that the readers of their column felt, by a five-to-three margin, that Reagan's secret dealings with Iran were justified. According to Anderson and Van Atta, "the poll accurately reflects the views of reading, thinking, participating Americans, the people most likely to join in the public dialogue and participate in the democratic process . . ."

Another Story that I Bet You All Missed

On January 5, in the *Los Angeles Times*, Georgie Anne Geyer wrote a column about Castro. I give you the lead paragraph:

> Virtually unnoticed by the world, Cuban President Fidel Castro has in the last few months radically changed his position on southern Africa. He now is saying that the 45,000 Cuban troops will stay in Angola not only to protect the Marxist government there, as previously said, but "until apartheid is dismantled in South Africa."

This story—which continues with all sorts of important information from Portuguese officials about contacts with the Angolan government and Soviet policy shifts on southern Africa—is clearly one of the most significant to appear on a subject of fundamental importance to the United States. Yet to my knowledge it has only appeared in a single place. Write your favorite editor and demand that it be followed up.

And Last, but not Least

The German weekly *Stern*, which is generally one of the most biased, left-wing publications in Europe, recently published an article on North Korea by someone called Yann Layma, which takes us inside the "Land of the 'Great Leader' " in a way that few others have done:

> Everything in North Korea is under control, even nature. In the capital city of Pyongyang, when an autumn leaf falls from a tree, people rush to the scene of the crime and remove the alien object from the lawn or sidewalk. Everything is clean in Pyongyang. Frighteningly clean . . .
>
> . . . North Koreans are not allowed to own even a bicycle, let alone a car. The few automobiles in the country are reserved for high functionaries and guests of the state. When an ordinary comrade needs a bicycle he can rent one, but only after he has submitted a written request to his work brigade. In all of Pyongyang there is not a single traffic light . . .
>
> At the [South Korean] border, on the 38th parallel to which all guests of the government must pay an obligatory visit, I am positively required to take pictures. Only in the direction of the South, of course. The Americans on the other side also snap their cameras wildly. "More, more," my hosts spur me on. Taking pictures like a madman, I move step by step up to the concrete threshold that marks the cease-fire line.
>
> Behind me there is loud applause. The American photographers have retreated. "Bravo!" shout my hosts. "You have driven the imperialist Americans a little step away from our fatherland. You have earned the praise of the revolution."

Good, straightforward reportage. And it tells us the way it really is, out there in the real world. Just the sort of stuff that is in such short supply over here.

Democracy can't survive without a free press. The issue before us is whether we can survive with the one we currently have. □

Here Come The New Catholics

Over the last quarter century, the number of converts to Roman Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now, a new wave of converts is entering the Church – including people like Malcolm Muggeridge, Lewis Lehrman, and singer John Michael Talbot. What's more, contrary to the myth that Catholicism is a superstitious religion for the befuddled, an unusually high proportion of the new Catholics consists of writers and intellectuals. Among them, it may be hoped, is another Chesterton, another Maritain, another Newman, another Ronald Knox, another Dorothy Day, another Gerard Manley Hopkins, another Walker Percy – converts all.

The new converts are not attracted to the watered-down Catholicism of the Hans Küngs, the Charles Currans, or those who sign ads favoring legal abortion. No, they are attracted by the Catholicism of the ages – by the Magisterium, as well as the inspiring leadership of the current Pope.

The forum for the new generation of converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine that takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England. There is a new Oxford Movement afoot in America today which is witnessing numerous people discover the "high," liturgical churches in general and the Roman Catholic Church in particular.

Among the converts to the "Roman Obedience" who write for the REVIEW are Paul C. Vitz, George William Rutler, Sheldon Vanauken, John C. Cort, Thomas Howard, L. Brent Bozell, James J. Thompson Jr., and Peter Kreeft. But the REVIEW isn't just for converts. Most of our writers are cradle Catholics and a significant minority belongs to various other churches. Amazingly, while the REVIEW is a lightning rod for "papist" pilgrims, it is also ecumenical in spirit, affirming all that is good and true in other Christian traditions. And we cover the full range of issues of concern to today's reflective and believing Christian.

According to Boston's Cardinal Law, "What is fascinating about the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is that it is a sign of contradiction": At a time when, cheered on by the mass media, so many Catholics are grumbling about Catholic teaching and discipline, even leaving the Church, here is a counter-tendency celebrating the fullness of the Truth (without falling victim to the fanaticism that has characterized some converts in the past). At a time when Protestant fundamentalism is making inroads among Catholics, here is a counter-movement proclaiming that you don't have to leave the Church to find a meaningful relationship with Jesus Christ.

Here's what others are saying about us: *Newsweek* praises our "childlike exuberance"; *Pastoral Renewal* says we're "sharply written"; *Eternity* (the evangelical monthly) finds us "influential"; and the *Library Journal* predicts we will "doubtless command increasing attention."

If you feel inundated by "bad news" about the Church, if you are tired of all the dissension within her portals, if you want to recapture the excitement of when you first really believed, or if you are searching for a "face" of Catholicism that is spiritually vibrant, intellectually incisive, doctrinally sound, and socially engaged, it's time for you to subscribe to the NEW OXFORD REVIEW!

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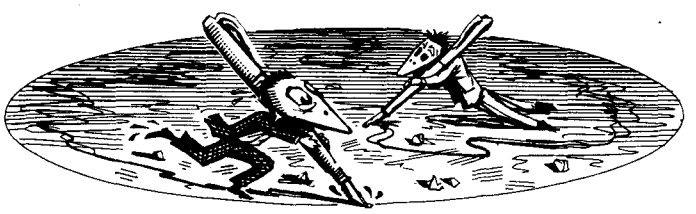


ROBIN HOOD ON CAMPUS

by Chester E. Finn, Jr.

If you are a parent chilled by accounts of the soaring costs of higher education, particularly at the nation's private colleges and universities, there is both good news and bad.

The pleasant first: most students do not pay the posted price. Instead they receive subsidies and discounts from various sources—Uncle Sam, the state, the institution itself, the Rotary Club—that enable them to matriculate for a significantly lower cost than media tuition alerts would lead you to believe. Fifty-five percent of full-time undergraduates in 1986 received one or more forms of student aid. Moreover, the average assistance package was sufficient to offset 44 percent of their educational expenses. Crudely stated, more than half the students (and their families) get by with paying barely half the posted price.

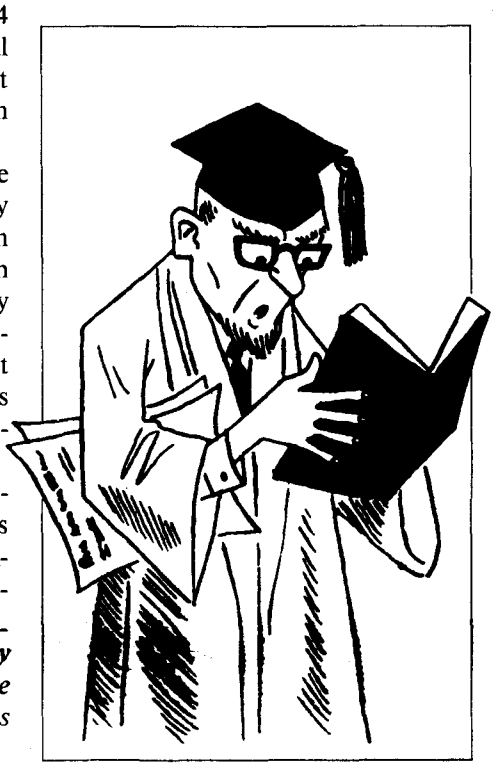
Now the glum part: if you are in the minority that gets no discount, you are helping to underwrite bargains received by other people's children. Of course you already did this once as a taxpayer. Of $21 billion in student aid awarded in 1985-6, $16.2 billion came from Washington (including the value of government-backed loans) and $1.4 billion from state programs. But $3.4 billion also came from "institutional resources," which for the most part means revenue derived from tuition payments.

Approximately one-sixth of the average assistance package received by the average aided undergraduate in 1986 was drawn from the college's own resources rather than from externally funded programs. On private campuses, the major form of income is student tuitions and fees—and these schools account for almost two-thirds of institutionally funded student grants.

The extent of this income redistribution via college pricing policies becomes clearer if you look at some examples. At costly Princeton (comprehensive fee now $15,980), thirty-seven percent of last year's freshmen received student aid packages (from all sources) averaging $10,050 in value. At the University of Rochester (posted price $14,924), fifty-seven percent of last year's freshmen were aided in amounts averaging $9,552.

Much the same pattern persists on less celebrated campuses, sometimes more so. At Pepperdine, where the comprehensive charge is $14,383, half of last year's freshmen received aid packages averaging $6,180. At DePaul, which costs $8,462 for those who pay full freight, seventy percent of last year's freshmen paid *less* than that; their aid packages averaged $4,302. Mercer charges $7,977, but last year seventy percent of its freshmen forked over lesser amounts; their average aid package was $5,613. At Trevecca Nazarene College, which charges "only" $6,153, *nine out of ten* of last year's freshmen received aid in amounts averaging $5,025.

To be sure, much of the aid package comes from government-sponsored programs, and not all of it is outright subsidy. At Trevecca Nazarene, the self-help component (loans to be repaid, student jobs, etc.) constitutes three-fifths of the total, although self-help accounts for just one-third of the total at Pepperdine and only 28 percent at Rochester.



But remember, too, that student assistance does not cease with the freshman year. At the University of Southern California last year, one quarter of all undergraduates had college-administered need-based scholarships averaging $3,100 in value. At Princeton, 42 percent of the undergraduates received such grants in amounts averaging a whopping $7,280 each.

If all the income-transfers were going from wealthy students to impoverished classmates, one could detect a clear principle at work. But the American Council on Education reports that (in 1984) only 42 percent of institutionally funded student aid was awarded solely on the basis of financial need. The rest was handed out on grounds ranging from academic merit to athletic prowess.

Some of this aid is used for discounts meant to tempt prospective students who might otherwise go elsewhere. On the vast majority of American campuses, keeping the classrooms full is now the primary task of the admissions-and-financial-assistance staff. Only a handful of institutions—fewer than fifty, estimates education writer Ernest Boyer—turn away more applicants than they accept. Many state colleges and universities admit essentially everyone. And most private campuses are now so hungry for students that they too allow practically anybody to enter the gates. Here are some acceptance rates for students applying to enter as freshmen in the fall of 1985: Oberlin 59%; Denison 65%; Kalamazoo 80%; Baylor 89%; Marquette 78%; Rochester 75%; Pepperdine 57%.

What is more, most private colleges crave students ardently enough to discount the price to some who could pay full freight. Though Congress has so relaxed "need" standards that half of all undergraduates on private campuses now receive federal student assistance, "no-need scholarships" are also spreading. The National Institute of Independent Colleges and Universities reports that overt no-need aid more than doubled in value on private campuses between 1982 and 1984 and that, when combined with fellowships, waivers, employee discounts and such like, the total almost equalled the value of means-tested aid.

The less prestigious the private college, the more difficulty it may have filling its freshman class without such inducements. Rochester awarded only 172 non-need scholarships to its 4,555 undergraduates last year; but Bethel College distributed 900 such subsidies to its 1,791 students. Pepperdine conferred 739 (more than the number of need-based awards it gave); DePaul 459 (with an average value greater than its need-based grants); and the University of Southern California 1,190.

Yet the biggest no-need subsidies of all are not found in the private sector. These, of course, are state appropriations for public colleges and universities, subsidies that enable them to charge deeply discounted tuitions to all who attend them, without regard to wealth or poverty.

Still, public higher education also distributes vast quantities of student aid. Ninety percent of last year's freshmen at Ohio State applied for assistance and two-thirds of these received it. So did 57 percent of the entering class at Frostburg State and 46 percent at East Tennessee State. This, remember, is in addition to the huge built-in discounts for everybody such that state schools charge an average tuition (not including room and board) this year of $1,337, compared to $5,793 in the private sector.

These across-the-board subsidies, while perhaps unjustified on progressive principles, are at least clear-cut. Go through the looking glass into the private sector, however, and you are back in a world of higher education financing where things are rarely what

Chester E. Finn, Jr. is assistant secretary for research and improvement in the Department of Education. The views expressed here are his own.

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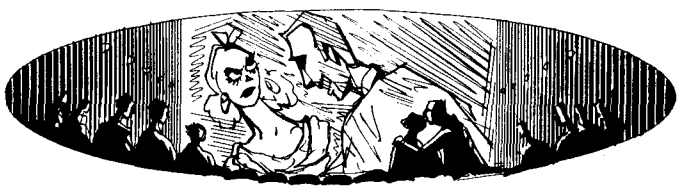
they seem. Where the posted price keeps rising—much more rapidly than inflation in recent years—but where the proportion of people who actually pay it is already a minority and still dwindling. Where an odd blend of liberal doctrine and institutional self-interest (*always* described in terms of the former) dictates that if you pay full freight some portion of your payment will go for other people's educations—some of them because of financial need, some because the college wants their bodies in its classrooms (and their partial tuition payments in its coffers), some because they are good ball players, some because they're bright.

Half concealed here are the remnants of an honorable tradition: consciously diversifying the student body on a campus, and making its educational resources available to those too poor to purchase them directly. But that is precisely the reasoning that justifies billions in basic state subsidies and billions more in taxpayer-supported student financial aid via Washington and the state capital. There may be a case for the full tuition-payer also to be taxed again, this time by the college itself, to help finance other people's educations. But when a portion of that resource transfer goes to benefit students who do not qualify for it on grounds of poverty, you have to wonder. The next time you read that college tuitions are escalating another ten or twelve percent, or contemplate paying the full "posted-price" for your daughter or son's Ivy League baccalaureate (which will cost you not less than $64,000 if your youngster matriculated this past autumn), pause and ask yourself whom else you're subsidizing and through how many different mechanisms. And whether you really need to remain in the full-price minority. Remember: Robin Hood is not dead. He's in charge of higher education finance—and he isn't always sober. □

THE TALKIES



POLTROON

by Bruce Bawer

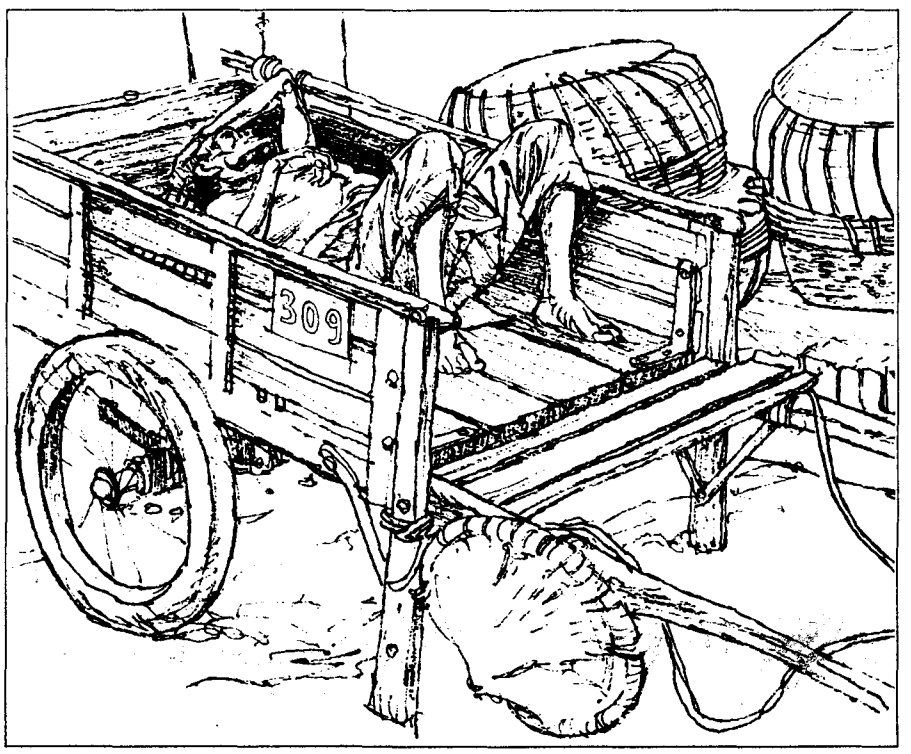
The parking lot outside the Wadsworth Theater was filled with Jaguars, Mercedes-Benzes, and BMWs. "Gee," I said, "Beverly Hills must be empty tonight." "A lot of rich folks come to these things," my sister replied. "A lot of people in The Industry."

We were in Westwood, city of Los Angeles. We had driven over the Santa Monica Mountains from the San Fernando Valley to this theater in the Veterans Administration complex, where my sister attends weekly screenings of about-to-be-released films as part of an extension course she takes at UCLA. (Actually, the screenings *are* the course.) The films are introduced by the course's "professor," film critic Stephen Farber; afterwards, Farber appears onstage in the company of someone connected with the film, and the "students" ask questions. This week there was a "bonus screening," which meant that the students could bring guests; since I was in town, my sister had invited me.

Tonight's treat was a Vietnam war movie called *Platoon*, and the evening's guest was its writer and director, Oliver Stone. Prior to *Platoon*, Stone had written or co-written *Scarface, The Year of the Dragon, Midnight Express*, and *Conan the Barbarian*, and had written and directed *Salvador*. Farber prepared us for Stone's newest effort by explaining that Stone had himself been a soldier in Vietnam, that Stone was a "left-of-center" director whose intention in all of his films was to "*épater le bourgeoisie*," and that tonight's flick—which, as Stone would later affirm, was highly autobiographical—would be "abrasive," "disquieting," and "disturbing."

And so it was, right from the git-go. *Platoon* opens with an epigraph from Ecclesiastes which is obviously intended to carry bitter irony: "Rejoice O young man in thy youth." It's September of 1967 and we are on an airstrip in Vietnam; as body bags containing the remains of American soldiers lie waiting on the tarmac to be loaded onto a plane, a number of young men who have come to take their place—including our hero, Chris Taylor (played by Charlie Sheen, son of Martin)—step down for the first time onto Asian soil. Chris, who narrates the movie in a series of voice-over excerpts from successive letters to his grandmother, is a rich white boy who has dropped out of college and, against his parents' wishes, has volunteered for the infantry. (The record shows that Stone himself, born in New York City, attended Yale for a year before going to Nam—first as a teacher, then as a soldier.)

Chris has volunteered for several reasons. He wants to serve his country, wants to learn something about Life, and wants to be "anonymous." For Chris, in other words, going to war is in large part a rich boy's way of rebelling against Daddy and of escaping—only temporarily, of course—from the oppression of wealth. (Presumably the Peace Corps was full.) Besides, as Chris explains to a black member of his platoon named King (Keith David), the poor always do most of the fighting in wars; Chris thinks the rich should do their part, too. (King isn't impressed by this talk: "Shit, you gotta be rich in the first place to think like that.") Chris's early communications to Grandma are almost impossibly starry-eyed and idealistic: he's thrilled to be serving alongside the "poor" and "unwanted"; they're "the best I've ever seen, Grandma—the heart and soul." (Almost like real people!)



Yet even before Chris has seen any combat action, his illusions have begun to be shattered. "I think I made a big mistake coming here, Grandma," he writes, his tone that of a Yalie who has foolishly chosen to spend his junior year abroad in London rather than Paris. His expectations of Vietnam have been sharply contradicted by reality, but exactly what those expectations were and how he came by them is never explained. (Oliver Stone, in a revealing article that appears in the January/February issue of *American Film*, remembers himself as a "solitary, wide-eyed youth standing under those raggedy Asiatic clouds, looking out at the sea with . . . fantasies of Lord Jim and Julie Christie . . .") All that is clear is that Chris had no idea war was so *icky*.

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer. His latest book,* The Contemporary Stylist, *has just been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.*

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(Apparently you don't have to read *All Quiet on the Western Front* or the poetry of Wilfred Owen to get into Yale.) What makes this callow boy's point of view so problematical is that it is also the film's point of view: King's sardonic remark notwithstanding, Stone does not regard either Chris's initial rich-boy illusions about war, or his subsequent facile moralizing about it, with the slightest hint of objectivity.

To say this is not to deny that the film, which follows the fortunes of Chris and his platoon over a period of several months, is extremely effective in many ways. Thanks largely to Robert Richardson's fine cinematography, Claire Simpson's editing, and Yves De Bono's special effects, *Platoon*—which was shot on location in the Philippines—is a genuine triumph of atmosphere. Stone does a magnificent job of re-creating the experience of the typical foot soldier in the Vietnam bush: the jungles, swamps, mud, and rain, the leeches, insects, and snakes, the pounding music and mind-altering drugs, the friction between blacks and whites, the contrast between the wholesome, inexperienced, college-boy lieutenant and the tough, haunted-looking "grunts." Most powerfully of all, the film evokes the terrible suspensefulness of a progress through the jungle, the suddenness with which a few clumps of leaves can turn out to be a horde of armed and camouflaged Vietcong, the utter chaos of the ensuing combat, and the apparent randomness with which bullets in the night find their marks, booby traps find their victims, the Angel of Death finds his prey.

But if the harrowing *mise en scène* of *Platoon* strikes one as astonishingly realistic, the plotting too often seems romantic, even melodramatic, and at least a couple of the characters are absurdly one-dimensional. Chris, we are led to understand, has turned his back on his real father—an Establishment type, apparently, who wanted him to stay in college—but in his platoon he finds two antithetical father figures, both of whom strain credibility. Sergeant Barnes (his face disfigured by a gruesome wound) is unspeakably evil, a human exterminator whose dedication to destroying the enemy knows no bounds. (Barnes, as enacted by an almost unrecognizable Tom Berenger, rather reminds one of the sick foulmouth played by Dennis Hopper in *Blue Velvet*—the difference, of course, being that Hopper *meant* to be excessive to the point of self-parody.) Sergeant Elias (Willem Dafoe), whose years in Vietnam have left him disillusioned, is almost saintly; the film seeks to identify him with Christ. When Elias speaks, we are meant to take his word as gospel—and this is where one's problems with the movie really begin. "We're gonna lose this war," Elias tells Chris. "We been kickin' other people's asses for so long [whose? the Nazis'?] it's about time we got ours kicked." After Barnes and a protégé named Bunny (played by Matt Dillon's kid brother Kevin) bloodthirstily waste a couple of peasants during a search for VC in a remote village, and Elias forcibly prevents them from committing further atrocities, the platoon begins to break into pro-Barnes and pro-Elias camps. Chris—who, out of sheer exhaustion, tension, and fear, has come close himself to committing an atrocity or two—writes Grandma that he's losing his strength, his sanity, his sense of right and wrong.

And this is only the beginning. By the end of the film we've seen not only atrocities but more than one incident of "fragging" (the deliberate killing of one American soldier by another), the attempted rape of a little girl, and an unnerving nocturnal battle in which so many men are killed that, in the morning, a bulldozer must be used to scoop their bodies into a ditch. At movie's end, as Chris—twice wounded, like Oliver Stone, and therefore free to return home—ascends from the scene of carnage in a helicopter, he tells us in a heavily didactic voice-over that "We did not fight the enemy. We fought ourselves. The enemy was in us." Apropos of Barnes and Elias, he says that since the war, there have been times when "I felt like a child of those two fathers." And he concludes by saying that it has been his aim, since the war, to try "to find a goodness and meaning to this life."

Though Stone's political position is not as explicit here as in his previous film, *Salvador*—a "fictionalized" story about an American photojournalist in 1980 El Salvador—*Platoon* and its predecessor have much in common. Both films are symphonies of death, full of graphically depicted corpses, many of them mutilated, many of them children's. Both are relatively plotless and are filmed in a brilliantly effective *faux*-documentary style. Both show American (or American-supported) soldiers killing peasants for being "Communists"—in parts of the world where, according to Stone's way of thinking, words like *democracy* and *Communism* don't really mean anything. Though Stone does take pains to portray intelligent, well-meaning Americans who feel otherwise, the ultimate message in both films is that America's military presence in places like Vietnam and Central America serves only to make the lives of the local peasantry more miserable and tragic—it's the powerful rich destroying the lives of the helpless poor. (Plainly, Stone is going to spend his life trying to atone for being born rich.) Just as Stone romanticizes Sergeant Elias in *Platoon*, so in *Salvador* he romanticizes a leader of the rebel army who, standing in his tent before a portrait of Marx and Lenin, tells a group of journalists that "the will of the people and the march of history cannot be changed—not even by the *norteamericanos*!" Outside, members of his Happy and noble peasant army sing "*el futuro será nuestro*" ("the future will be ours").

When *Platoon* ended, the Westwood crowd applauded enthusiastically, and it applauded again when Stephen Farber brought Oliver Stone onstage. Stone—whose attitude throughout the ensuing half hour or so would best be described as smug—offered some inside dope: he said that he had written the film in 1976, had been unable to interest an American studio in making it, and had finally secured financing from an English company. He informed us that all the members of Chris's platoon were based on people with whom he had served in Vietnam, and explained that he had helped his actors to capture the sound, the bearing, even the look of real jungle-weary soldiers—which they *had* captured, remarkably so, down to that chilling, half-mad look in the eyes—by making them dig their own foxholes, making them sleep in those foxholes,

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"The Palestinian Problem":

Is *it* the cause for unrest in the Middle East?

There are those who think that the so-called "Palestinian problem" is the cause for unrest, turmoil, and slaughter in the Middle East. They believe that if this problem could be solved, peace and tranquility would prevail in this troubled area.

What are the facts?

■ Conflict is endemic in the Middle East. The Palestinian problem is only one of the many conflicts in the area. It is being kept alive by the PLO and others who, for their own political purposes, wish to keep this matter unresolved.

■ Virtually every Arab state has been in armed and bloody conflict with its Arab neighbors. Egypt occupied Yemen for eight years. Morocco and Algeria are constantly at each other. Libya has clashed with Egypt, Tunisia, and the Sudan. The two Yemens regularly war with each other. Saudi Arabia spreads largess in order to appease all potential enemies. Yet it presses territorial claims against the smaller states of the Gulf. Kuwait worries about Iraq, which claims it in its entirety.

■ In the heart of the Middle East, Syria constantly threatens Jordan. It tirelessly works to overthrow the regime in Baghdad. Its designs on Lebanon are well-known. Iraq is one of the most aggressive, and though at present much concerned with its war with Iran, spews subversion and terrorism against its Arab neighbors.

■ The record of aggression by Arabs against non-Arab states is as bloody. Libya has invaded Chad. It is involved in subversion and conspiracy on a global scale. Syria is in constant conflict with Turkey and has vowed to annex the Turkish region of Alesandretta, "as soon as we settle the score with the Zionist enemy".

■ Iraq, of course, is a special case. It perceived post-revolutionary Iran as weak and ripe for plunder. The six-year war shows no sign of abating. It is one of the bloodiest conflicts in recent world history.

■ Domestic violence is a constant in the Arab world. Virtually every Arab leader has been the target of assassination. In Syria, an officer corps dominated by the minority Alawites suppresses dissent with mass murder. In February 1982, President Assad's forces killed up to 25,000 civilians in the city of Hama and, according to *The New York Times*, "turned half the town into a parking lot".

■ And then, of course, there is Lebanon. Feuding sects in that unhappy country have battled each other for centuries. Since the outbreak of open civil war about ten years ago, as many as 200,000 people have died—with no end in sight.

■ But the Arabs reserve their most aggressive fury against the non-Arabs living among them. Arab violence against the Jews, inside and outside Israel, is common knowledge. But Berbers, Kurds, Copts, Circassians, Christians, and Blacks are mercilessly persecuted and, where possible, bloodily exterminated. Blacks are routinely kept as slaves in Saudi Arabia. The slaughter of the ancient Assyrian community in Iraq, the cruel fate of over 500,000 Blacks in Southern Sudan, and the forcible resettlement of over 200,000 Kurds are a few examples of this never-ending bloodshed.

None of these conflicts has anything to do with Israel. All of this fury would continue unabated if Israel did not exist. Violence is a fact of political life in the Arab world. The root causes of upheaval in the Arab world are the Arabs' radicalism, their religious fundamentalism, and their xenophobic hatreds. The "Palestinian problem" could have been solved almost 40 years ago. It's being kept alive by those whose political purposes it serves. It's not the *cause* of this violence. It's just one of its many manifestations.

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and allowing them only two or three hours of sleep each night during the weeks of filming. Disconcertingly, Stone spoke of the hardships he imposed upon his actors with an almost sadistic glee, so that one had the feeling that, his anti-war rhetoric notwithstanding, there was a part of him that positively reveled in the role of drill sergeant, in the idea of putting a cast of pampered young actors through some tough paces—a part that reveled, indeed, in war itself.

Then the audience began putting in its two cents. There were one or two folks who had complaints. A man with a cane, who politely identified himself (to the immediate derision of the crowd) as a conservative, asked whether it bothered Stone that *Platoon* might persuade young American men that their country wasn't worth serving, and whether he thought such a film could be made in the Soviet Union about, say, the Soviet war in Afghanistan. Stone replied that he considered himself a patriotic American, and quoted Gore Vidal on the real meaning of patriotism. (Hearty applause from the audience.) Then he added that he was confident that the "liberal thaw" presently underway in the USSR would result in a spate of films by Soviet filmmakers critical of the Soviet role in Afghanistan. (More applause.) A young lady then offered the opinion that the end of the picture was too didactic; Stone replied, "I like it that way." (More applause and warm laughter.) In reply to another audience member's question, Stone compared *Platoon* to two other Vietnam war films, Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* and Michael Cimino's *The Deer Hunter*. The Coppola and Cimino films, he said, were symbolic in their approach; his film was "realistic."

Stone suggested that many viewers, especially in places like Georgia, would consider *Platoon* anti-American. "*I* didn't think it was anti-American," declared a middle-aged man who sounded as if he was ready to take on the entire state of Georgia, and Alabama too. Stone grinned. "Well, you're obviously a *liberal*," he said, and the man beamed proudly. Most of the other "students" laughed affectionately and applauded, congratulating themselves on being liberals (and on not being from Georgia). Somebody asked Stone what his next project was. "I'm probably gonna do something about Wall Street," he replied, to the crowd's delighted whoop of laughter and applause. Clearly, the great majority of the audience was in love with both Stone and his movie. One after another, the Beverly Hills types stepped up to the microphones at the front of the auditorium to tell Stone how *powerful* his film was ("I feel as if I was there," said a slim, bearded gent who looked disturbingly like *New York* magazine's John Leonard; "I feel as if I should get a Purple Heart"), how *drained* they felt, how *eye-opening* it was, how much it had *taught* them, how much better they *understood* things now.

To be sure, the film did have a stunning immediacy, perhaps unparalleled in any other war movie. But what, I reflected, could *Platoon* really have "taught" anybody about war in general or Vietnam in particular? Only that war is hell—which these presumably well-educated adults should already have known. *Platoon*'s logic was much the same as that used by anti-nuke propagandists in connection with the television film "The Day After": just as "The Day After" presented an uncompromisingly realistic picture of the possible consequences of nuclear war, so *Platoon* assaults its audience with a ground soldier's view of Vietnam. Just as "The Day After" was used to support arguments in favor of unilateral nuclear disarmament, so *Platoon* is meant in part as an argument against American involvement in Vietnam—and, by extension, an argument against our involvement in Central America. But what does either of these films really prove? Not a thing. Both of them pretend to be contributing to intellectual discourse upon a significant issue, when all that they actually have to offer is a searing visceral experience that sheds no light on anything. For all its sheer cinematic effectiveness, then, *Platoon*, considered as a serious statement on Vietnam, amounts to nothing more than a high-priced piece of faulty logic.

Yet why were these affluent folks in the Westwood auditorium so struck by the film? Largely, I think, because the protagonist was one of them. Chris Taylor might well have been their own spoiled Ivy League brat, off on an ill-advised idealistic tear. Patently, it made these affluent people feel virtuous to applaud Stone's indictment of America, and of the American rich, in particular, for sending poor boys to do their fighting for them—and yet they felt comfortable applauding these sentiments because they were voiced by a rich boy who himself (if we take the liberty of identifying Chris with Oliver Stone) returned home, after the war, to be the big success that his parents wanted him to be. Indeed, that rich boy was not only the film's protagonist but its moral conscience; one even had the feeling, at times, that though it assailed capitalism and wealth, *Platoon* was informed by the perhaps unconscious assumption that a rich white boy's moral sense is likely to be superior to that of the average poor black boy.

In short, the hypocrisy of *Platoon* was breathtaking; and the Westwood audience—possessed of an irresponsible, self-congratulatory variety of pacifism that was barely distinguishable from est or TM or any of a dozen other self-indulgent, quasi-religious, feel-good-about-yourself California movements—loved every minute of it. This was one movie that had found its audience in record time. □

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AGENTS OF DECEPTION

by Rael Jean Isaac

The story has a happy ending. Soon South Carolina Educational Television (SCETV), the fourth largest producer of programs in the public television system, will be showing and making available to other PBS stations a brilliant film on Soviet disinformation, *Agents of Deception*. But the frustrations in finding a U.S. outlet encountered by Stornoway Productions, the small Canadian company that made the film, since it was completed in July 1985, constitute an indictment of American television and public television most especially.

Agents of Deception portrays "active measures" used by the Soviet International Department to influence public opinion in the West, including the creation of journals (the Greek tabloid *Ethnos*, reportedly created by the KGB in 1981, rapidly became the most widely read paper in the country); the buying of journalists (among them the man who became managing editor of Tokyo's largest *conservative* paper); the use of "agents of influence" (like Norway's Arne Trehold who insured that the Soviets were sitting on both sides of the table when his country negotiated a treaty on the disputed "gray zone" in the Barents Sea); and the manufacture of "front groups," of which the World Peace Council is the jewel in the crown, to channel peace sentiment into anti-American agitation.

Like the earlier *KGB Connections*, produced by the same team (finally shown in 1982 on New York City's Channel 11,[1] that film never succeeded in surmounting the roadblocks to national distribution), *Agents of Deception* is noteworthy not only for its extraordinary material, but for its innovative methods. The research that went into these films would support serious scholarly papers, and their impact derives from their meticulous accumulation of evidence. Television's gatekeepers, accustomed to documentaries where opposing talking heads provide "balance," are acutely uncomfortable with this technique, especially as applied to such unpleasant subjects as Soviet spying and disinformation. In the eighteen months he sought a U.S. outlet for the film (it was shown on CTV in Canada in May 1986), producer Kitson Vincent found that he repeatedly encountered the objection: "That film has such a strong point of view. We don't do point-of-view journalism like that." Vincent told me of his frustration: "I tell them I'm confused. How can it be called 'point of view' if in fact all the evidence is thoroughly documented and verified? If you say someone is doing something and this is how they do it and this is why they do it and here are the people who do it, how is that point-of-view journalism? There are twenty-two people testifying in *Agents of Deception*, from the little old lady who was a translator for the World Peace Council for twenty years right on to the top. I tell them if you have any problems with our evidence go after it. But of course they don't."

While the earlier *KGB Connections*, which focused on Soviet spying, made extensive use of hidden cameras, it is interesting that in *Agents of Deception* these were not needed. The tools of Soviet disinformation were amazingly ready to speak for the camera, perhaps because vanity seems to be their overriding characteristic and the trait, one suspects, that first made them vulnerable to Soviet approaches. Both French journalist Pierre Charles Pathé and Danish journalist Arne Petersen, for example, who provide two of the most illuminating interviews in the film, preen themselves before the camera. They are not merely unrepentant; their air is self-congratulatory. Pathé, son of the creator of the Pathé newsreel, and editor of *Synthesis*, a news bulletin on French national security, who was caught passing documents to a KGB officer, dismisses the charges of disinformation as "completely silly." He admits the Soviets gave him the money to sustain his publication but declares loftily this had no impact on his publication. "It was independent, very independent." (Intelligence expert Roy Godson is interviewed, and points out that the themes of the publication were denigration of the United States and support for the Soviet Union.)

Denmark's Arne Petersen, who took money from the KGB to pay for an ad in favor of a nuclear free zone which he induced 181 Danish artists and writers to sign, displays the same sense of superiority to the carping of lesser minds. "It's been charged that the people I knew from the Soviet embassy were from the KGB. Quite frankly I don't know. I know them as persons, as personal friends. They came here and brought along their wives and children." Asked if he might have been duped, Petersen replies: "I have an IQ of 161. I don't know how easy I am to dupe." A small self-satisfied smile comes to his lips. "I don't think so."

The Soviet Union's witting agents display a charming effrontery. Asked if the World Peace Council is a Soviet front, its long-time head Romesh Chandra replies easily: "It is not. It is by no means." Arkady Shevchenko, the former U.N. undersecretary general who defected to the U.S., describes how at the U.N. he would receive instructions from Moscow to make the arrangements for Chandra's visits. The camera returns to Chandra who declares that Shevchenko knows nothing about the WPC. "He has no knowledge of it. He has no reason to speak of it." The camera pans to a 1978 photo before the U.N. of a younger Shevchenko and beside him a smiling Romesh Chandra.

More surprising, for its candor, is the interview with Michael Meyerson, head of the U.S. Peace Council, the WPC's American affiliate. Meyerson, who is also a senior official of the U.S. Communist Party, shares the weakness for self-congratulation. He boasts that the Communist Party works within virtually every peace movement in the United States, and takes credit for a key role in organizing the huge 1982 peace demonstration in New York. "The U.S. Peace Council—I must confirm the FBI's intelligence—was instrumental in initiating June 12. We from the beginning helped to build it, supplied staff, and went all out to build it." Meyerson points out that the U.S. Peace Council includes among its members congressmen, members of state legislatures, and mayors. And sure enough, the film summons up Berkeley mayor

[1] That one showing led to Glen Cove, Long Island, achieving brief international fame. The town's mayor, Alan Parente, learned from the film that the Soviet Union used its Glen Cove estate for sophisticated electronic espionage against local defense industries. The City Council took the only measures in its power and revoked permits for Soviet citizens living on the estate to use the town's recreational facilities. This in turn led the State Department to order the town to cease meddling in foreign affairs and let Soviet diplomats back on the beaches. The town initially defied the State Department edict but eventually succumbed.

Rael Jean Isaac's most recent book (with Erich Isaac) is The Coercive Utopians *(Regnery Gateway).*

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and U.S. Peace Council co-chairman Gus Newport, who explains that Congressman Ron Dellums first got him involved and that New York Congressman Ted Weiss attended Peace Council conferences in Europe.

Why did people like Meyerson and Chandra, whom Shevchenko describes as "sleek as a snake," consent to be interviewed? Perhaps they (and others interviewed) have become so accustomed to the leftward slant of the media that they simply assumed a Canadian production company would portray them positively. Or perhaps they felt confident that whatever the motives of the film-makers, television's gatekeepers would make sure that no film critical of their statements reached a significant audience.

If so, they were close to the mark. The major networks, metro-media, the major cable outlets, all turned thumbs down. (ABC, the most open of the networks to independent producers, was divided but the naysayers triumphed.)

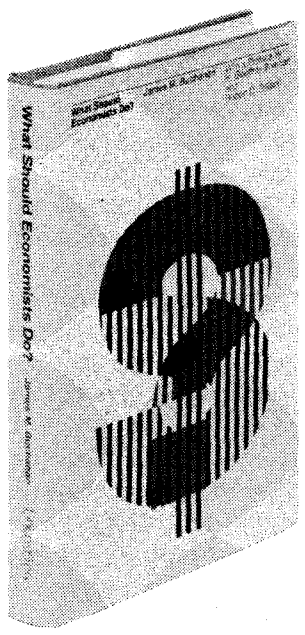
That left public television. Under fire for years for purveying a stream of left-wing documentaries, its officials might have been expected to leap at the chance to prove "even-handedness," especially since Barry Chase, PBS's vice president for programming, had told Accuracy in Media's Reed Irvine that PBS was eager to show competently produced material with a different perspective, if only it were available.

Midge Decter of the Committee for the Free World (which had disseminated the *KGB Connections* on college campuses) took the film to Jay Iselin, then president of WNET, the New York public television station that is the principal supplier of national programming for PBS. She reports that her reception could not have been more cordial. As she remembers it, Iselin told her: "People come in and talk to me and have an idea for a film and they don't even know where the financing is coming from and they take hours of my time. But here you have both a film and the money." (Decter had a foundation's commitment to provide the money for PBS to buy the film.)

But once WNET's public affairs staff had seen the film, Iselin's tone was different. He assured Midge Decter that the problem did not lie in the politics of the film, but its "incompetence." It was so hard-hitting and melodramatic. And what was that stuff about some World Conference or Council of Churches or whatever that group was—this claim it was a Communist front? There was no documentation on that. The film simply didn't meet today's high standard of journalism. Since Iselin resigned not long after this conversation, turning down *Agents of Deception* may well have been his last major decision. It casts an ironic light on the final tribute bestowed by Bruce Christensen, president of PBS, on Iselin's performance: "Jay's contributions to American television are many, but what remains after the programs are over is the courage and the foresight to say 'yes' to the best and the untried, 'no' to the inferior and the commonplace."

Leslie Lenkowsky of the Institute for Educational Affairs then tried to step into the breach. Over lunch he told the news director of WETA, Washington D.C.'s public broadcasting station, of the film, and gave him a copy for the public affairs staff to view. Ten days later the film came back in the mail. There was not even a note enclosed.

Disappointed but scarcely surprised that the station that gave us "The Africans" should have rejected *Agents of Deception*, Lenkowsky thought of Polly Kosko, director of program development at SCETV. The South Carolina station had produced a number of excellent programs on American drama and literature, and Lenkowsky suspected it would be open to a high quality public affairs program. It turns out he was right. □



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THE HOOSIER PULSE

HOOPING IT UP

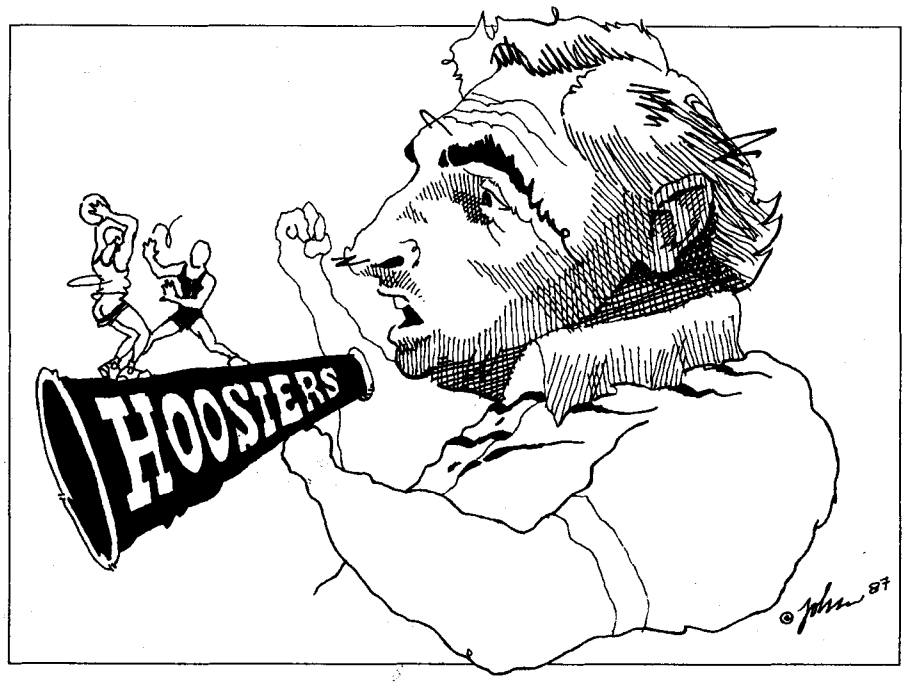
by Kent Owen

Time was when Indiana's favored pastimes ran to harness racing, horseshoe-pitching, squirrel-hunting, and fishing for bluegill and bass. But ever since 1893 when one of James Naismith's former students introduced the new game of basketball at the Lafayette YMCA, the Hoosiers have taken to it with gleeful zeal. What grand opera means to the Milanese and bull-fighting to the Cordobans, the sport of hoops and hardwood is to the people of Indiana: an athletic contest practiced as an art form and ritualized as a civic ceremony.

It does no good to suggest that in Indiana basketball is the extension of politics by other means, or that it is the moral equivalent of free-market economics. For all anybody knows, the game may scratch an itch deep down in the collective Hoosier unconscious. Or release sexual energies pent up by social strictures and religious repressions. Whatever its grander meanings, here and now or in the sweet by and by, basketball seizes Indiana from late November through March, keeping the Hoosiers warm, dry, and sentient when there are few good reasons for being out-of-doors.

With the metastasis of television over the last thirty years—satellite dishes pock the yards of farmsteads and house trailers—attendance at high school games has fallen off pretty badly. Still the school gym on Friday night comes as close to a thorough democracy as the pioneers could have envisioned. (They were all for egalitarian neighborliness and civility, a little leery of economic parity, and dead set against pluralism, largely for fear that the Papists might overrun the state and upset the balance among the Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites, and Presbyterians.) There in the town's biggest enclosure, at once overheated and drafty, redolent of salty popcorn, sweaty overalls, senior cords, starch and soap, dinning with brasses and winds both peppy and flat, with youngsters gabbling and old folks just visiting, the true spirit of Indiana bodies forth. Maybe such a life force coursed through medieval Florence or Georgian London; maybe Brueghel's burghers and peasant folk really did glow in exuberance on holidays. But nowadays the public spectacle of wholesomeness is rare indeed. Only in Indiana, perhaps.

It should stand to reason that with the Hoosiers' fondness for story-telling, somebody along the line would have turned the whole thing into a novel or, at least, a movie. Evidently not so, if the quality of a work has anything to do with its acceptance or staying power. Unlike baseball, which inspires fulsome homage, basketball has failed to stir the imagination of good writers to any lasting result. It may well be that the relentless pace of the game doesn't lend itself to the kinds of telling images that literature demands as emblems of experience. Then, too, the discipline the sport exacts of players may work against the colorful yet self-indulgent behavior that has given baseball and football so many memorable individualists. In basketball the play of the team as an intricately coordinated unit is almost always more important than any single star. The great shooter gets the acclaim, but they also serve who only block, pass, rebound, screen, dribble, box-out, and set the picks. To dunk is spectacular, to assist honorable. Keeping a series of fast-moving actions fixed in the mind's eye is hard to accomplish. Ballet may be easier.



Even if basketball in Indiana has resisted portrayal, there are still a few brave persons bold enough to make the effort. Two young film makers, David Anspaugh of Decatur and Angelo Pizzo of Bloomington, have created a good-natured, semi-dry (about the taste of a white zinfandel) account of a rural school that, pulling at every bootstrap, wins the state championship. *Hoosiers* (what else could it be called?) reworks the history of the Milan Indians, who in 1954 fulfilled the dream of beating big city teams to win the tournament on a last-seconds jump shot by the thereby immortalized Bobby Plump. No story is so vital to the myth of Indiana basketball. It teaches us, as Emerson taught, that character, more than ability, is the *sine qua non*, and that hard work, discipline, intensity, tenacity, guts and grit and heart can win out in the end. It says we can be redeemed, even the most profligate and degenerate among us, through faith, hope, and a man-to-man defense combined with clever outside shooting. It says we can take charge of our lives, no matter how dreary and pointless they may seem, to become the very best we can be because Coach, God, Indiana, and America—maybe in that order—wish it so.

You may think you've already read this in a *Saturday Evening Post* short story circa 1930. The kindly old principal (Sheb Wooley) who gives a second chance to a disgraced ex-college coach (Gene Hackman) who creates a winning team out of seven or so (the editor doesn't make that clear) hobbledehoy kids whose attitudes are on a par with their talents, and the winsome school marm (Barbara Hershey) who believes basketball can be the ruination of minds that have no loftier aspirations, and the town drunkard (Dennis Hopper), once a local hero as a hot-handed shooter, who struggles to reclaim his dignity and the respect of his own son, and a sorghum-and-molasses sampling of townspeople who hold fast to the team as their one proud proof of virtue: these are exactly the characters who might have made for sheer bathos. Or corrupting sentimentality. Or slick and snide grotesquerie. Or dull, plodding pseudo-Dreiserian naturalism.

To their credit, Pizzo as script-writer and Anspaugh as director got it right. The characters avoid the snares, and the actors make them sound, look, and feel like the genuine items to a fare-thee-well. The old gyms, school buildings, barber shop, farm houses, stores, town streets give off the worn-down surfaces of many Indiana places, and the people in and out of the crowds (almost all of whom are what they look like, aside from the early fifties get-ups) bear in their features and postures the distinctive marks of the Hoosiers as one of America's first hybrid peoples. They wear themselves oddly and offhandedly, fleshy here, stringy there, sags and wrinkles, women just short of pretty, men a mite out of focus. As for fashion, no one would ever guess that Halston, Bill Blass, Norman Norrell, Eleanor Lambert, and Mark Hampton

Kent Owen is Indiana editor of The American Spectator.

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came from Indiana. This is why they did.

If it's to your taste, the landscape of Indiana can be fetching, and *Hoosiers* mixes in the proper measure of the picturesque. Nothing monumental, breathtaking, awe-inspiring, or dazzling. Just the amber twilight of autumn woods, the soft, tender greenery of spring, early morning mist over cornfields, carlights shining through drenching rain, weathered barns and houses along dusty gravel roads, bosky, overgrown thickets, brooks and creeks that make the plainest fields worth looking at. Such small pleasures can be enjoyed on their own terms for what they are, or enlarged into natural symbols of how orderly and bountiful the earth is supposed to be. Wordsworth would have felt at home here, if he could have stood the accent.

Now that the Hoosiers themselves have had the chance to see the movie—they thought it was fine, amusing, entertaining, and even edifying, although the passing was ragged and the free-throws needed work—it will be of more than commercial interest to see how the rest of America likes it. Obviously, *Hoosiers* owes a lot to Steve Tesich's *Breaking Away*, one of the more humane and better wrought films of recent years. All the same, it has its own kind of spunk and pluck, which reasonable moviegoers, unaddled by rock and porn, should find delightful and endearing. After all, you don't have to be a Hoosier to like this gentle, unaffected story.

John Feinstein's *A Season on the Brink: A Year with Bob Knight and the Indiana Hoosiers*[1] has worked its way onto the big-seller lists. It is a *Washington Post* sportswriter's chronicle of IU's 1985-86 campaign, focusing on the behavior and personality of the coach in relation to his players, friends, associates, rivals, officials, and the clamorous world of bigtime college basketball. In a sport where flamboyant and controversial figures are uncommon, Knight is the grand anomaly. For sixteen seasons at IU and six before that at West Point, he has made himself into a personage more notable—some would say more notorious—than his own teams, who perform remarkably, often superbly. Knight is brashly and brightly talkative, sarcastic, and magnetic. He seldom suffers fools of any kind. His standards, academic as well as athletic, are uncompromisingly high, and he is given to impulsive acts of kindness, sympathy, and generosity. He is unyieldingly loyal to his friends and players and expects them to return his allegiance. Knight is at once incorruptible and incorrigible, for his temper is fearsome and furious. It may yet be his undoing.

Many sportswriters, fans, and groundlings hate and fear him, partly because he holds them in obvious contempt. They see him as a swaggering bully, jerking players by their jerseys, throwing chairs, swearing foully, browbeating officials, disdaining coaching colleagues, ignoring routine ceremonies of league leaders, and behaving like a spoiled, mischief-making brat. Some readers of Feinstein's book will be pleased to discover confirming evidence. Others will wince at what Knight subjects his players and coaches to: fear, intimidation, "mind games," grueling practice sessions, pre- and post-game examinations (ordeals by videotape, if you will), benchings, expulsions from practices, and unrelenting, pressurized challenges at every turn.

Feinstein has presented in wearisome detail the daily routines of Knight's life through the 1985-86 season. On the surface the facts are there; they coalesce to make Knight seem boorish, brutal, and almost fiendishly obsessed. In no one person has the cliché, "Hoosier hysteria," ever appeared so clinically exact. Fortunately, Feinstein declined to dabble in amateur psychologizing, else he might have talked, as others do, about sado-masochistic tendencies, oral/anal fixations, manic-depressive behavior, obsessional and self-destructive traits, and a disturbing assortment of related disorders. So far, thank heavens, no shrink-turned-sportswriter has tried to do the number on Knight that William Bullitt and the duped Dr. Freud did on Woodrow Wilson, but these days anything goes for a fast buck.

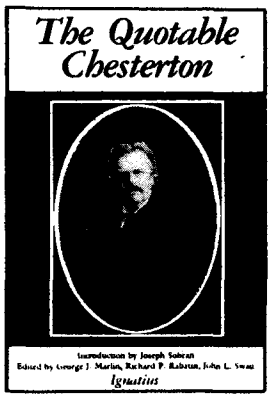
Why does Indiana University or the State of Indiana or the NCAA or the Big Ten or decent, reasonable Hoosiers put up with Bob Knight, if these awful things be true? It would seem that Knight violates the canons of sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct embodied in John Wooden, Everett Dean, Tony Hinkle, Branch McCracken, Ray Crowe, Bill Stearman, and all the generations of Indiana coaches who have traditionally made their work one of moral leadership by precept and example. Can it be the Hoosiers themselves, that most strenuously democratic of American breeds, have let an autocratic, authoritarian jackanapes corrupt their precious game? Have they fallen victim to the bitch goddess of winning at all costs, as Kentuckians have suspected for years? What price, glory? How can these things be true?

If Feinstein had arranged the surfaces he collected so sedulously, he might have discovered that beneath the man, holding him together with the help of his friends, is a depth of integrity extraordinary in any dimension of American life, public or private. Although Feinstein hints at this innermost morality several times, particularly in a limp epilogue, he fails to understand the man he has followed doggedly and written about rather clumsily. At least he fails to express what he must have learned through privileged access to so complex and problematic a person. Feinstein has not given us the whole truth about Bob Knight or even a tentative, partial interpretation of the man. What he provides is random, chronologically assembled facts: the cheats of reality.

There can be little doubt that Knight is one of the more perplexing, indeed exasperating figures in higher education in America. His vision of intercollegiate athletics as a moral model demands obedience and submission to authority that few young athletes, no matter how skillful and purposeful they may be, can meet. His moral imagination advances the game of basketball to the point at which all the faculties of the self interact to achieve the Ideal of Excellence. His is an almost Platonic conception of ultimate truth, goodness, and beauty. For Knight, "to play hard and smart" requires discipline, concentration, fortitude, thorough preparation, and, yes, virtue in its literal sense of what best becomes a man. If Bob Knight is a genius at coaching basketball, he is also a great teacher, and his lessons, if properly understood and heeded, are no different from what the Hoosiers have found all along so sustaining in their game. Now if Knight could only learn the enduring lessons of the Indiana experience: moderation, self-restraint, and a little political savvy. Even in the toughest of contests, they can be better than a zone defense, if you don't leave your feet. □

[1]Macmillan, $16.95.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. says: "*The Qu*
a delight—a distillation of all that was
and provocative in the great man himself.



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BOOK REVIEWS

FIRST THINGS: AN INQUIRY INTO THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF MORALS AND JUSTICE

Hadley Arkes/Princeton University Press/$50; $11.95 paper

Terry Eastland

First Things is many things: an attack on moral skepticism and moral relativism; an articulation and defense of the idea of morality; an argument in behalf of the relationship between morals and justice; a brief for the centrality of justice in political life; an argument for democracy as the only justifiable form of government; and a series of reflections on such issues as conscientious objection, justification for war, intervention abroad, welfare, taxation, privacy, and abortion.

First Things does most of these things well, that is to say persuasively. Hadley Arkes, a professor of politics at Amherst, has written a good book that is also a badly needed book. Confusion about morality abounds in many segments of our society, particularly among those who hold positions of intellectual and political leadership. Much of what Arkes has to say cuts against currently fashionable ideas.

One such idea is that moral truth cannot be known, that morality does not exist. Arkes patiently considers every argument that a skeptic could make and shows that skepticism is untenable because, in the final analysis, it denies the very nature of man and his world. "The logic and language of morals," he writes, "are simply built into us." They "are as much a part of our natural world as trees, rocks, air, and water." The skeptic "who seeks to deny the existence of morals," Arkes correctly observes, "will spend most of his days trying to flee from the perils of contradiction and the tangle of his own argument."

For Arkes, the first things or principles of morals and justice derive from "the idea of morals itself" and the notion of a "rational being" who has the capacity for moral judgment. This, of course, is another way of saying that morality is built into us and our world, that it is an undeniable given of our existence. The idea of morals and the notion of a rational being thus provide the grounds not only for the refutation of skepticism but also for moral judgment itself—indeed, for all such judgments. And because moral judgments must derive from the idea of morals, any ostensibly moral judgment that cannot be traced back to that core, as Arkes points out, "cannot have any pretension of expressing a valid moral statement."

Terry Eastland is director of public affairs for the Justice Department.

This point has particular relevance in a moral and political culture such as ours in which judgments alleging moral claims but lacking in moral content are a regular feature of daily (particularly Washington) life. One is told, for example, that racial preferences in hiring are morally imperative because they promote integration or boost minority employment rates. So it is, as Arkes observes, that questions of principle are "confounded" with "empirical predictions or contingent propositions." One of the worthy attributes of *First Things* is its insistence on the difference, in philosophical terms, between categorical and contingent propositions, between, that is, propositions that are true of necessity, as all moral judgments must be, and propositions whose truth depends on circumstances that, by definition, always could be otherwise.

This distinction also is relevant to understanding why moral relativism—probably the most common confusion about morality today—is wrong. The relativist seeks to infer from the presence of disagreement about moral truth that no such truth exists. But agreement or disagreement about moral truth is an empirical matter from which one may not logically draw inferences about morality itself. That people disagree about morality, as Arkes points out, only means that people disagree.

Subjectivism also, and correctly, takes a beating in *First Things*. The logic of morals is such that moral truth, which is of necessity true, applies universally—to everyone. It is thus incoherent to say, as is often said today, that morality is simply a subjective matter, with each person deciding according to his own standards. Moral conduct is right or wrong—objectively so.

First Things, of course, concerns morals *and* justice. Arkes argues that man's unique capacity for moral judgment leads him to form "ethical associations"—i.e., political societies—whose "highest end" is justice. Thus, writes Arkes, does polity arise from morality. And so does law itself, since a polity pursues justice through law. Moreover, he continues, "we have law only because we have morals—only because it is possible to speak of things that are right and wrong." Law arises from morality and, in turn, law teaches morality. "It teaches something to its members in a public way about . . . what is right and wrong, just and unjust."

Not only, for Arkes, may one legislate morality. As he puts it, one may legislate *only* morality. Arkes observes that if lawmakers legislated only morality, there would be far fewer laws and much greater freedom; law that does not arise from morality is unjust.

Nor is this all. Arkes argues that the principle of equality before the law is implicit in the very idea of law, and thus of morals. By definition, this principle is of necessity true; and because it is true, then no man has the right by nature to exercise power over others. As a result, government may arise only from the consent of the governed. Moreover, Arkes says, majority rule, while not itself a moral principle, is nonetheless the only "arrangement compatible with the principle of natural equality." Thus does Arkes conclude, as Immanuel Kant did, that republican government is the only government over men that may lawfully be established. The implication of this point should be obvious: that republican government is morally superior to all other kinds.

In these arguments about the nature of law and polity, the place of justice in political life, and republican government, Arkes is also challenging ideas advocated by many elites, including some who profess to be conservatives. In this he largely succeeds.

Arkes is right to say that the purpose of a polity cannot simply be, as some argue, to provide security against assaults on life or property, or to establish the conditions that facilitate commerce and advance material comfort. As Arkes says, if these were the only ends of a polity, then they could be achieved without law, or at least without law having a moral content (a contradiction, Arkes would point out), for instead they could be pursued through contracts based strictly on self-interest. In fact, however, we have laws, and many of them do express moral

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judgments; the moral sense of man—built into his nature—has not been extinguished, not even in the twentieth century. Moreover, the idea of morality itself does and should have political consequences. Arkes, quoting Lincoln, points out that no one has a "right" to commit a wrong. The case against slavery arose from this very insight.

Arkes is also right to conclude, against the many moral and cultural relativists who say otherwise, that the only form of government that may by right exist is a government of the people founded upon the moral idea of equality. All nations are not created equal, but all men are, and this is the moral truth that at bottom distinguishes the United States from the Soviet Union.

While much of what Arkes says about politics and justice is persuasive, questions do arise in respect to Arkes's contention that the highest end of politics is justice. This is the ancient teaching, from Aristotle, and there are versions of it that seek to subsume the individual within society, that trample natural rights and majority rule, that give little place to freedom. Arkes plainly would not subscribe to such versions, yet there are passages in *First Things* that suggest the federal judiciary should act purely on the basis of natural or moral law. Such conduct would violate natural rights and majority rule, and the threat to liberty is obvious. Citizens would be unjustly required to behave in accord with the judiciary's understanding of morality, which may or may not be correct. We have experienced enough judicial activism, particularly in recent years, to understand the dangers posed by a judiciary working on its own, cut adrift from the law as written.

Nevertheless, *First Things* must be judged an exceptional book, brilliant in its theoretical discussion of morals and justice, and brilliant, too, in its analysis of particular issues, which occupy its final chapters. On conscientious objection, Arkes demonstrates that exemption from law cannot be a matter of rights, but is rather one of legislative grace, and that citizens cannot exempt themselves from law merely by invoking their own personal beliefs. On war and the morality of intervention, a discussion that focuses on Vietnam, Arkes shows that there was a "presumptive moral obligation" on the part of the United States to act in Vietnam. On welfare and redistribution, Arkes makes a persuasive case, on moral grounds, against the progressive income tax: "Since there is no ground of principle which can establish the right allotments of income and pleasure, there can be no moral ground for taking more money in taxation merely because some people have more money or feel less pleasure."

On privacy and abortion, Arkes is at his best. "Privacy," he observes, has become "a source of insulation from the law, a shelter in which we become free to do things the law may condemn." But "privacy cannot be morally justified in the name of a freedom to do things that are unjustified and wrong." Arkes shows that abortion is morally wrong. It follows that privacy cannot insulate abortion from the law. Still, "the public has not been uniform in its understanding of the grounds on which abortion ought to be regarded as wrong, and this uncertainty about the ground of judgment must complicate the task of the statesmen who would frame a law that could at once tutor the public and gain its assent." Arkes understands prudence and statesmanship, not only morals and justice.

First Things isn't light reading, yet it is carefully and elegantly written. And while there are combinations of thought and argument that are new, it is not really an original work. I do not mean that as criticism, but praise, for in regard to morality, there isn't anything new under the sun, and hasn't been since the dawn of time. Arkes himself recognizes this when he says that his book is an effort to "remind" readers of things that were once well known but have been obscured in recent years. Arkes is a man who reminds, the supreme compliment for a moral philosopher. □

EVANGELICALISM: THE COMING GENERATION

James Davison Hunter/University of Chicago Press/$19.95

Herbert Schlossberg

For a number of years now, and with increased intensity since the 1980 election, we have been flooded by the mass media with an unremitting stream of commentary, both friendly and hostile, on the surge of evangelical influence in the United States. Last year's Tocqueville sesquicentennial was the occasion for numerous learned disquisitions on the French aristocrat's view that there was a close connection between the religious values of American society and its moral character and institutions. For those who believed that the evangelicals were animated by the same "traditional" values that had made America great, the ghost of Tocqueville seemed to add his blessing to the current revival, as well as providing a rationale for its continuation.

Has all the hoopla about the evangelical resurgence had any substance behind it, or have the media duped us again? I think we always had reason to be skeptical about what they were telling us, even if we didn't know much about the details. Taking a leaf from the investment adviser's book, we could have assumed the contrarian position that once the story made the headlines the surge had already reached its peak, and that it was therefore time to take a "short" position on evangelicalism and watch it begin its inevitable plunge. Or we could have taken the evangelicals at their word about the virtues of humility, the sure knowledge that pride goeth before a fall, and, observing the rampant hubris among so many leaders in the movement, begun to write it off. And Carl F. H. Henry, perhaps the most widely respected of contemporary evangelical theologians, ended his 1986 autobiography with a lament that evangelicalism had wasted its best opportunities.

For those scientific types who take their exercise in other ways than jumping to conclusions, there wasn't much to go on. Now James Davison Hunter, a sociologist at the University of Virginia, has given us the evidence. In a previous book Hunter addressed the question of why evangelicalism had survived the secularism of the late twentieth century. In this one he considers how much difference it all makes. The short answer, to which his evidence points but which he does not state, is "not much."

Anybody whose views on this subject are formed wholly by the media will be quite surprised by this conclusion. The publicity has covered the increase in political influence, untold millions given to evangelical ministries, increasing church memberships (along with shrinkage in the mainline churches), burgeoning numbers of day schools, publishers and bookstores galore, thousands of missionaries, and a bewildering variety of expressions, experiences, and personalities—something for almost every taste. Hunter lifts the cover off this bubbling pot and examines what's inside. What's inside is a theology weakened by increasing subjectivism; much waffling on such bellwether ideas of the movement as the doctrine of salvation; the growth of "selfist" ideology; and a watered down commitment to work, the family, and economic freedom, among other manifestations of what Hunter with good reason calls "practical theology." The evangelical growth rate has been slowing for years, and the movement's cultural hegemony—that was what impressed Tocqueville so—is rapidly disintegrating.

Hunter's field of inquiry is only one small segment of the evangelical world, but an important one. His surveys focus on a group of nine evangelical colleges which are part of the Christian College Consortium and seven seminaries of similar persuasion. Hence the subtitle of his book—Hunter assumes that the future leadership of evangelicalism is fairly represented by the students and faculty members who responded to his survey. The results of his study are disturbing for those whose religious commitments are tied to orthodox Christianity. Hunter's data show not only that the evangelical colleges are unable to arrest the encroachments of secularism, but that the students who study in them are prone to slip from the tenets of their faith. In fact, they do so with greater precipitousness than their cohorts studying at the state university that he used as a control! →

Herbert Schlossberg is the author of Idols for Destruction *(Thomas Nelson).*

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How does Hunter account for such slippage in colleges that were supposed to provide some insulation from the corrosive effects of secularism? He puts the spotlight on the faculty, which his surveys show to be less orthodox than the students. Someday we ought to have studies done of the effects of graduate study on those who later become college teachers. My hypothesis for such a study—hardly revolutionary—would be that the technical training the graduate students receive affects them less than the values of the graduate faculty. So that the insecurities, the snobbishness, the fear of being thought unsophisticated weigh heavily on them and influence strongly the way in which they react to the world and instruct their own students. The students, in turn, pick up not information as much as attitudes and values. Hence the erosion that Hunter finds.

One of the book's major themes is the way people within any strong tradition react to social change. Some confront the intruding force and some adapt to it, and Hunter characterizes the Christian college faculty as belonging to the latter camp. Thus the evangelical principle, derived from the New Testament, which decries conformity with the regnant cultural system is quietly (perhaps unconsciously) set aside as the faculty seeks the approval of mentors and peers who are actively hostile to their tradition. Either by their silence or overtly, they make peace with those who are at war with everything for which they stand. That is why they react defensively against any expression of conservative Protestantism that might offend the intellectual establishment. In making this point, Hunter uses the marvelously titled work of John Murray Cuddihy, *No Offense*. As a result of all this, he says, evangelicalism is presently reenacting the old liberal retreat from historic Christianity that began a hundred years ago. It will be interesting to see whether the evangelical academic leadership takes Hunter's findings to heart or begins to circle the wagons.

Not the mere bean counter we expect in an assistant professor of sociology who does survey research, Hunter interprets his material with sympathy and intelligence, and produces from his data a rich and nourishing bean soup. Nevertheless the book has deficiencies. Some of the historical parts display the gassiness of sophomore essays. The chapter on the family, written with a co-author, is especially weak in that respect. The authors permit themselves, against experience, common sense, and a mountain of evidence, to be persuaded by dubious sources holding that such familial attributes as parental love for children are not human constants, but rather are socially conditioned, the product of nineteenth-century bourgeois sentimentality. Presumably when King David, a thousand years before Christ, was said to have wept for the life of his son, that was the work of some Victorian redactor tampering with the text. Yet, when rendered of a book written by a sociologist, the charge of inadequate historical perspective smacks of the ingratitude shown by the owner of a talking dog who complains that the mutt splits his infinitives. Besides, how many historians can write sociology?

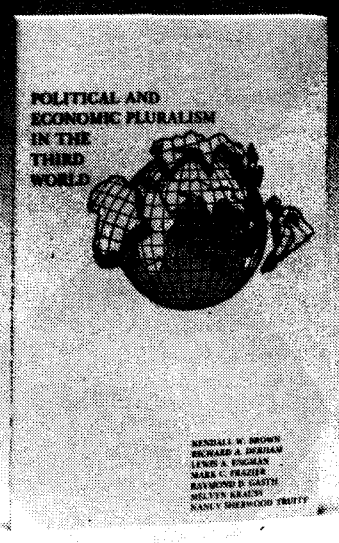
More basic to the matter is the way Hunter targets his questionnaires. He defines the subject of his study as theologically conservative Protestantism, but his respondents all belong to only one segment of that field. Neo-evangelicalism is admittedly an important segment, but so are such groups as the conservative Lutherans (Missouri Synod, principally), Southern Baptists, charismatics, and those among the neo-Calvinists who haven't joined the evangelical meltdown. Of course, some of these groups are harder to locate, let alone survey, than the convenient grouping of the Christian College Consortium and its analogous seminaries. But social scientists are paid to solve that kind of problem.

I find Hunter completely convincing in his conclusions of the value changes undergone by these students under the tutelage of the faculties, especially inasmuch as he shows the changes proceeding year by year from the freshmen to the seniors. But there is at least a possibility that progressing from eighteen to twenty-two years of age could account for part of the change even without the college experience. Someone ought to do this kind of study with a control group of non-collegians. Or, even better, several groups which would show us if, say, laborers, retail clerks, and entrepreneurs exhibit similar transformations of outlook.

The most serious conceptual difficulty I have with the book is Hunter's notion that in the face of challenge to one's world-view the only response is either conformity or ghettoization. That has been the unfortunate assumption of evangelicalism for the last couple of generations. But Tocqueville, could he but rise from the dead and visit the University of Virginia, might say to Hunter, "If you had traveled around your country with me a hundred and fifty years ago, you would have seen the real alternative, the one that is embodied in the New Testament idea that Christians are to be the salt of the earth. That is what informed the culture of the early republic and what explains its health." Such a view expresses the "cultural mandate" that is gaining a hearing among a growing number of conservative Protestants—although evidently not many in Hunter's sampling—and not a few Catholics as well. The liberal establishment has had its own version of this in high gear for much of our century, and that accounts for the social disasters that are in train. If orthodox Christians continue to recover this aspect of their heritage, the apostles of that liberal version of the secular city will be in even more trouble than they are now.

Meanwhile, it's good to have such thoughtful work from a young sociologist. The soup course is over now, and perhaps when Professor Hunter receives tenure he'll leave the bean counting to those still in the nursery and get right to the meat and potatoes. □

POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC PLURALISM



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RUNNING CRITICAL: THE SILENT WAR, RICKOVER, AND GENERAL DYNAMICS

Patrick Tyler/Harper & Row/$19.95

Mary C. N. McConnell

Patrick Tyler is a *Washington Post* reporter and a Bob Woodward protégé. It shows. He has adopted the pseudo-novelistic style of the *Post*'s investigative reporting: "The noontime air was crisp on a spring day in 1971 when Hilliard W. Paige pushed through the turnstile into the wind tunnel that was Lexington Avenue."

He has also adopted that newspaper's characteristic perspective on issues. Fights are all about power and personalities; issues provide useful cover. Thus, in Mr. Tyler's account, "the story of [the SSN 688 attack submarine] is a story of ambition, commercial greed, and the exercise of unmoderated power in the peacetime system of defense procurement." Above all, it is a "story of three men."

If this were, say, a novel by Arthur Hailey (add a few scenes with the wives and mistresses, retitle it *Submarine*, and it plausibly could be), the advance posters in the bookstores would profile these three larger-than-life leading characters. Hyman Rickover: the crusty old admiral knew what he wanted and set out to destroy anyone who stood in his way. David Lewis: the easy charm of an old-style Southern gentleman hid a ruthless determination to protect his company and his reputation, even against the truth. Takis Veliotis: the rough-hewn Greek shipbuilder would claw his way to the top of General Dynamics—if his shadowy past did not catch him first.

Their story, or the story of the SSN 688, opens dramatically in 1968 with a race between the U.S. carrier *Enterprise* and a Soviet *November*-class submarine. The CIA had claimed that this class of submarines, the Soviets' oldest, traveled at a speed of only 25 knots. Admiral Rickover and his allies thought this estimate was too conservative, and, when a Soviet submarine was discovered tailing the *Enterprise*, they seized the opportunity to prove it. As the carrier deliberately picked up speed, the unsuspecting Soviet commander brought his submarine to 31 knots, and precipitated a defense procurement crisis. The oldest and presumably slowest Soviet submarines, it turned out, were faster than anything we had in our fleet.

The United States needed a faster attack submarine, quickly. There were a number of promising developments in submarine technology, but only one completed plan for a new ship: Admiral Rickover's. Mr. Tyler is convinced that the admiral's overweening pride stood in the way of better alternatives to the SSN 688. He may be right. What he cannot deny is the political wisdom of Admiral Rickover's refusal to take a chance on new designs, and the delays they would inevitably produce, at a time when the *Enterprise* incident had captured Congress's fickle attention. Had the decision waited just two years, until 1970, would *any* new submarine have been built in the decade that followed?

It is of course the duty of a modern-day investigative reporter to uncover conspiracy. Mr. Tyler obliges by revealing the military-industrial-congressional complex's conspiracy to foist a new attack submarine on a Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, who was so determined to reduce defense spending that he cut his estimates of Soviet naval strength to fit his budget cloth.

Hawkish members of the congressional armed services committees thus accepted, with a wink, Admiral Rickover's modest proposal to build a single prototype submarine, recognizing that a multi-billion dollar request for a new fleet would irresistibly follow. Under David Lewis's leadership, General Dynamics then presented the Navy with a much lower bid for the first attack submarines than the corporation's shipyard engineers considered plausible. When the low bid disarmed the submarine's critics, Admiral Rickover rewarded General Dynamics with a contract to build all of the first eleven attack submarines at General Dynamics' Electric Boat shipyard in Groton, Connecticut.

Eventually the reckoning came due. The inevitable and massive cost overruns, pushed even higher by inflation and the energy crisis, ignited a protracted battle between General Dynamics and the Navy to fix blame and financial responsibility for the submarine's troubles. After much lobbying, and some for-the-record spasms of congressional outrage at defense industry cupidity, a deal was cut. General Dynamics wrote off a $359 million loss, and the Navy turned over $639 million in taxpayer dollars to the corporation.

This is to skip lightly over more than two hundred pages of high boardroom drama: David Lewis bribing and browbeating his accountants and managers into disguising General Dynamics' mounting losses at Electric Boat from Wall Street and the SEC; Takis Veliotis bludgeoning the shipyard into reducing costs while collecting subcontractor kickbacks in his Swiss bank account; Admiral Rickover shouting over the telephone and into Mr. Veliotis's tape recorder. These tapes, which were subsequently handed over to Mr. Tyler, are quoted at interminable length. Indeed, no detail of corporate infighting or personal recrimination appears too minor to recount.

But all conspiracies must come to their tragic denouement:

> Somewhere in the midst of all the chaos, the United States lost so much ground in the silent war with the Soviet Union that by the early 1980s no one could say with any certainty who was ahead. Only one thing was sure: the Soviets had outbuilt the United States by more than two to one . . .

The implication is that "all the chaos" was to blame for this growing military imbalance. But then, briefly and belatedly, Mr. Tyler adds a crucial point:

> The Soviets had spent tens of billions of dollars on submarines, while Rickover had a couple of billion to build a competitive fleet. . . . When he was defeated, he went out swinging at the shipyards, as if they had somehow defeated his destiny. It was not true. Rickover had been defeated by the relative resource commitments of the superpowers in the silent war.

Couldn't some of this so-shocking procurement conspiracy—the useful myth of the prototype, the tacit acceptance of underbidding, the Navy's ultimate willingness to buy peace with the shipyards—be attributed to the uncompromising fact that throughout the 1970s America's defense was costing more than Americans were willing to pay? General Dynamics' low bid reflected David Lewis's understanding of this fact. So did Admiral Rickover's desperate efforts to bully the shipyards into greater efficiency, and successive Navy secretaries' willingness to reimburse their shipping contractors (Newport News and Litton as well as General Dynamics) for some of the cost overruns they incurred after underbidding their contracts. Mr. Tyler sees only the greed and the jockeying for power, but surely his conspiracy was also, in part, a conspiracy to keep the submarine program alive until the American people came to their senses and paid their bills.

Mr. Tyler's vivid storytelling notwithstanding, the story of America's submarine fleet is not really a "story of three men," nor even—at least not yet—a story of heroes and villains. Instead it is preeminently a story of the geopolitical struggle between a great land power that decided to create the world's largest and most deadly submarine fleet, and the great maritime power that could not bring itself to match this effort.

Mr. Tyler concludes: "The shame of the long history of the nuclear attack submarine is the shame of those who helped create the system and those who accepted it, opting for expediency and short-term success at the expense of long-term sanity."

He is right, and he doesn't even know why. □

Mary C. N. McConnell is a free-lance writer living in Chicago.

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SECRECY AND POWER: THE LIFE OF J. EDGAR HOOVER

Richard Gid Powers/The Free Press/$27.95

Harvey Klehr

It is an article of faith on the American left that J. Edgar Hoover was, at minimum, an ogre. The more ideological types regard him as the avatar of an American police state. During the last two decades, the revelations of FBI illegalities, of break-ins and unauthorized wiretaps, of counter-intelligence operations against a host of legal organizations, of dirty tricks and harassment of Martin Luther King, Jr., have provided ammunition not only to defenders of civil liberties, but also to those Hoover battled for his entire career. Even the publication of authoritative accounts of the Rosenberg and Hiss cases has prompted accusations that the unprecedented release of hundreds of thousands of pages of internal FBI files was part of a gigantic conspiracy orchestrated by Hoover and the FBI.

Once upon a time, J. Edgar Hoover's brand of anti-Communism was favorably contrasted to Joe McCarthy's. With relatively few exceptions, most intellectuals dismissed McCarthy's charges as unproven and deplored his methods. The FBI, in contrast, was regarded as the model of professionalism. One of the virtues of Richard Powers's new biography of Hoover is that it vividly illustrates that such a view was not entirely wrong. While properly critical of Hoover's excesses, Powers provides a more balanced view of his accomplishments and mistakes than we have had recently. Unfortunately, his attempts to link every aspect of Hoover's behavior to a desire to preserve the values of his youth becomes strained and leads Powers to ignore some of his own evidence that the dominant consideration in Hoover's decisions was bureaucratic politics.

Hoover's early years were indeed important to his vision of the world. He grew up in the Seward Square neighborhood of Washington, D.C., where many of the residents held modest civil service jobs with the federal government. It was resolutely respectable, middle-class, white, and Christian. Not unnaturally, Hoover absorbed its prejudices. More importantly, though, he was influenced by its mildly progressive, politically neutral values. Civil servants were not expected to be political partisans, and Hoover was a classic embodiment of that norm. He never joined a political party. He never voted, not even after a constitutional amendment gave residents of Washington the vote in 1961. He emphasized good government and neutral administration, values enshrined during the Progressive Era by the middle-class reformers determined to professionalize government.

Soon after graduating from George Washington University, Hoover landed a job at the Justice Department in 1917 through family connections. During World War I, he worked on alien matters. As a result Hoover was thrust into prominence during the Red Scare period following the war. Attorney General Mitchell Palmer gave him wide authority to arrest and deport alien radicals. Hoover had complete charge of choosing the targets, writing legal briefs, presenting the government case at deportation hearings, and organizing the Bureau's research facilities. Thousands of aliens were arrested and hundreds deported, including Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, the most notorious anarchists in America.

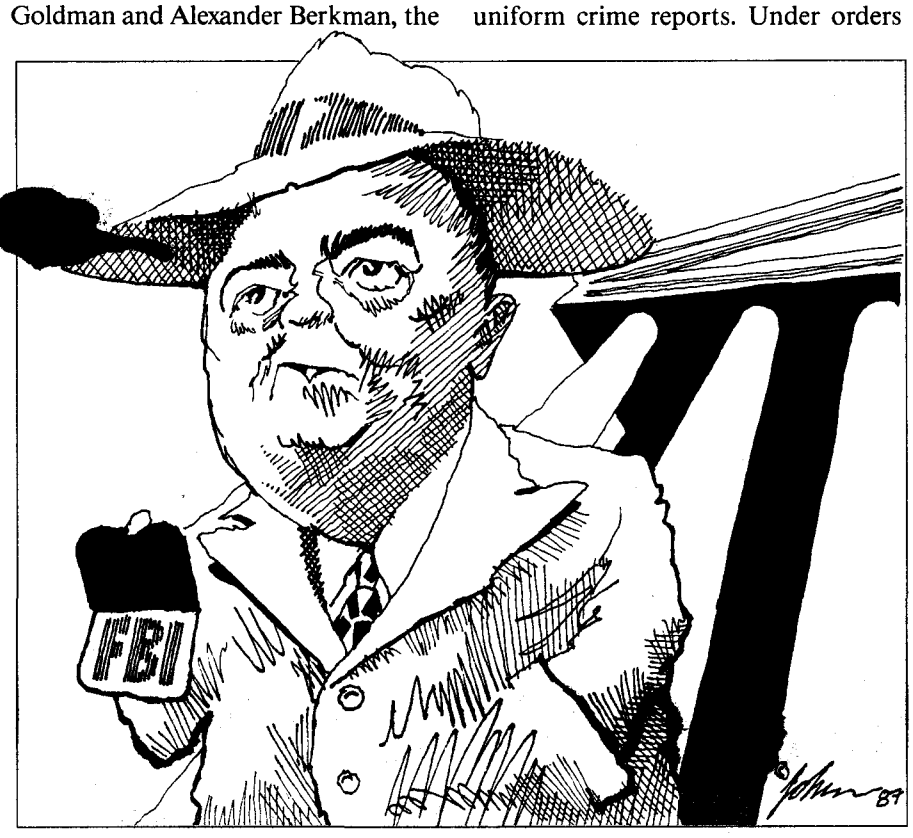
While the deportation cases turned Hoover into the government's first expert on radicalism, the national backlash against them provided a series of lessons that he took to heart. Because the Bureau of Investigation did not have the manpower to make all the arrests, local police and civilian volunteers were used. Their abuses of prisoners' rights and the subsequent public uproar convinced Hoover that to be successful he had to control totally his own operations. Years later, he would be reluctant to cooperate with other government agencies, whether the CIA or the executive branch, unless he had control of the operation. By the same token, he would remain opposed to private or mass movements designed to fight Communism.

When public support for the attack on radicals fizzled and his superior, the Attorney General, lost political support, Hoover became vulnerable. He was severely criticized by the courts and other officials in the executive branch. In later years, the FBI director sought to minimize his role in the Red Raids, presenting himself as a lowly bureaucrat simply carrying out orders. But Hoover learned another lesson. In addition to developing a healthy respect for the need to nurture public opinion, he also determined that he would never again expose himself without firm political support.

Catapulted into leadership of the FBI by the scandals of the Harding Administration in 1924, Hoover spent the next decade professionalizing the agency. He built up a fingerprint identification section, developed technical services for local police, and instituted uniform crime reports. Under orders from Attorney General Harlan Fiske Stone, he avoided controversy and, indeed, publicity. Domestic intelligence activities, the source of his earlier troubles, were ended, to the chagrin of anti-Communists and the applause of such civil libertarians as Roger Baldwin of the ACLU. Hoover's caution was tactical; he "probably would have been happy to join an attack on radicals if someone else with a strong political base had volunteered to lead it," but he sensed the political realities and kept his distance from anti-Communist crusaders.

Two developments in the 1930s gave Hoover the ability and inclination to redirect the FBI into domestic intelligence. The first was his emergence as a national hero after the Roosevelt Administration decided to mount an attack on crime as a way to reassert national authority and prestige during the Depression. As the FBI cornered, captured, and killed such hoodlums as Ma Barker, Pretty Boy Floyd, and, most notably, John Dillinger, the national media transformed Hoover from a faceless, colorless bureaucrat into the unbeatable and fearless leader of an incorruptible organization that always got its man.

By the late 1930s, as world tensions escalated, Franklin Roosevelt called on Hoover to supply him with comprehensive information on domestic groups that might restrict his maneuverability in foreign affairs. In 1937 he requested data on fascist and Communist activities. Hoover cautiously responded that such requests went beyond the FBI's statutory authorization to investigate violations of federal law. But he also suggested a loophole: the FBI could investigate matters referred to it by the State Department. At a White House meeting in August, at the request of the President, Cordell Hull told Hoover to "investigate the cocksuckers." That conversation provided the authorization for forty years of domestic intelligence, although Hoover, ever-cautious, later got a written note from FDR, who, Powers notes, "has to bear the final responsibility for removing all effective restraints from Hoover's surveillance of the American political scene."



Hoover's newfound status and power transformed him into an American institution. He increasingly held forth on the need to preserve traditional American values and morals from the forces of evil that threatened them. Whatever his public rhetoric, however, Hoover remained a very shrewd bureaucrat. After Pearl Harbor, he frantically mounted a campaign to deflect blame for the intelligence failure to other government agencies. Given

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authority to censor news in 1941, he quickly surrendered it, recognizing the potential danger to his image the new job promised. He also remembered past mistakes. Hoover opposed government internment of Japanese-Americans during the war and refused to allow the FBI to be involved with the Army. Not only did he remember the fiasco of 1919, but he did not stigmatize groups by their ethnic origin—only their beliefs.

Hoover's excellent relations with FDR did not carry over into the Truman Administration. Perceiving it to be weak and susceptible to political pressures, Hoover took the unprecedented step of appearing before the Republican-controlled House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1947 and breaking with Truman over his loyalty program. Powers tries to link the break to Hoover's values—that his disdain was based on a sense of emotional loss and resentment at the passing of his cherished boyhood verities—but a far more likely explanation is Hoover's calculated assessment that Truman was weak and that his congressional allies had enough power to protect him from the executive. After all, he had loyally served FDR, under whom Communists had made far greater strides, and whose values were further from Hoover than Truman's.

Hoover's power did not rest mainly on those much-rumored secret files which supposedly enabled him to blackmail recalcitrant public officials. Powers argues that while fear of what Hoover knew probably inhibited some critics, many simply did not care to tangle with someone so tenacious and so popular. Although privately critical of the director, Truman continued to try to placate him for years. Meanwhile Hoover stopped providing Truman with political information that might prove useful against the Republicans, but continued to pass along damaging data about Truman's Democratic rivals. Contrary to some myths about Hoover's close ties to Senator Joseph McCarthy, Powers argues that once McCarthy challenged the Eisenhower Administration, his previous friendship with the FBI—he had hired ex-agents and Hoover had leaked information to him—did him no good; Hoover threw his support to Eisenhower as the symbol of authority.

The risks inherent in the FBI's domestic intelligence operations were magnified in the 1960s. Not only was Hoover increasingly isolated in his own organization as his old cronies retired, to be replaced by younger men less able to stand up to him or discern danger, but the growing tendency of Presidents to use the FBI for political tasks reached its height during the Johnson years. Hoover himself was outraged by the new moral standards and practices of the United States. Never very friendly to the civil rights movement, he became obsessed with the "immoral" sexual behavior of Martin Luther King, Jr. and sanctioned a vicious Bureau campaign against him.

The attack on King, which reached its low point when the FBI clandestinely sent him a tape recording of his sexual encounters with the suggestion that he commit suicide, was part of the Bureau's slide from investigation to active disruption of legal organizations. Whatever justifications could be offered for the government to maintain surveillance on groups that had ties to foreign powers or threatened violence, it was another matter entirely for the FBI to engage in dirty tricks on its own.

Counter-intelligence programs (COINTELPRO) originally created to help destroy the Communist Party were expanded in the 1960s to disrupt the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, black radicals, the New Left, and a variety of other undesirable groups. Such programs had another advantage; since they were not designed to lead to prosecution of the affected groups, knowledge of them could be held within the FBI and Hoover did not have to cooperate with anyone else. He was increasingly suspicious of working with any other government agencies, particularly when they wanted the FBI to run risks such as installing wiretaps or opening mail.

When the Nixon Administration, concerned by the unraveling of the social fabric, pressed Hoover to take a more aggressive role in combating radicals, he refused to expose himself or the FBI. Deciding that Hoover was too old and scared to help, the administration set up its own clandestine group, which led it into Watergate. Hoover was too cautious a bureaucrat to get involved in intelligence operations that he did not totally control and that did not have broad public support. Ironically, his caution led him to oppose an administration whose core values were closer to his own than many others he had loyally served.

Hoover's death in 1972 just preceded the post-Watergate attack on American intelligence that drastically altered the FBI's domestic intelligence role. Even had the Church Committee never existed, however, the FBI would have become a far weaker organization without Hoover at its helm. Powers exaggerates when he claims that Hoover had "more power, longer, than any political figure in American history," but few high-level bureaucrats have ever shaped and led an organization for as long or with as much success. □

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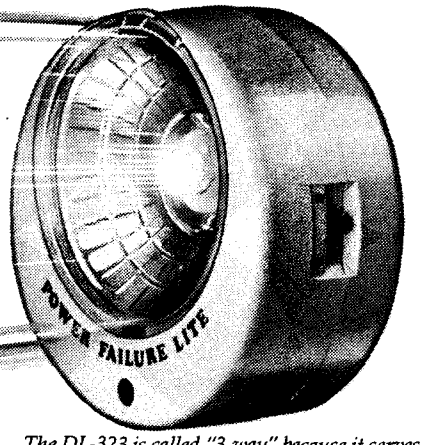

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ARAB AND JEW: WOUNDED SPIRITS IN A PROMISED LAND

David K. Shipler/Times Books/$22.50

Micah Morrison

In *Arab and Jew: Wounded Spirits in a Promised Land*, David Shipler, the former Jerusalem bureau chief of the *New York Times* and author of a best-seller on Russia, explores "the attitudes, images and stereotypes that Arabs and Jews have of one another, the roots of their aversions, and the complex interactions between them" in Israel and the territories under Israeli control. This is a daunting and massive task. After introductory chapters on war, nationalism, terrorism, and religion, Mr. Shipler presents a series of portraits of the stereotypical views of both groups, followed by a look at such diverse and tangled subjects as segregation and class distinctions, sexuality, anti-Semitism, and the sway of the Holocaust. The concluding section of the book adds chapters on the historical mingling of Jewish and Islamic cultures; Beduin life; the secrecy-cloaked Israeli domestic security force; Arab citizens of Israel; Arab-Jewish intermarriage; and a modest experiment in furthering Arab-Jewish understanding.

As a sort of chronicle of Israel's emotional life during Mr. Shipler's tenure (1979-1984), the book works well, although the author's decision to exclude from consideration the weight of the principal political and military events of the time is disappointing. Mr. Shipler conveys much of the anguish and frustration in Israel, as well as much of the indifference. His chapter on Arab and Jewish attitudes to the Holocaust, for example, is emblematic of his method throughout the book. Employing a vivid, anecdotal style, he portrays Arabs and Jews attempting to deal with—or attempting to deny—historical reality in the crucible of the present moment.

Mr. Shipler's impression of Arab attitudes to the Holocaust is pretty grim news for people who believe in a future made better by mutual understanding: Even the best informed and most sophisticated and moderate of the Palestinian Arabs cannot bring themselves to gather the experience of the Holocaust into their understanding of the Jews. That essential feel for the trauma, the tragedy, the aloneness of the Jews in that dark period is simply missing from the Arabs' sense of history and from their grasp of the present. And therefore they cannot understand Israel. They cannot understand the fierce sensations of vulnerability, the lusty devotion to military strength, the stubborn resistance to international criticism, the waves of guilt that soften the core of the hardness. They cannot comprehend the gnawing fear of powerlessness that grinds beneath the arsenal of tanks and planes, the lurking conviction that it could happen again, and that again the world would look the other way.

Israeli attitudes to Arabs are probed at greater length than Arab attitudes to Jews because there is more familiarity with and openness to academic studies and polls in the westernized, Jewish sectors of Israeli society. Mr. Shipler's prognosis—based on polls, studies, and his impressions after half a decade of reporting from the Middle East—is far from heartening. The stereotype of the Arab as primitive, violent, and sexually threatening is widespread in Israeli society (although "diluted" among moderate Jews); Mr. Shipler finds that certain aspects of the educational system, the army, and the Hebrew language, among other things, serve to perpetuate these stereotypes.

One focus of Mr. Shipler's investigation is Upper Nazareth, a Jewish city built in the 1950s next to the Arab city of Nazareth. The search for decent housing has brought some Arabs to Upper Nazareth and it has become one of Israel's few integrated communities and a flashpoint "of Arab-Jewish antagonism, a place where the tools of bigotry are forged." After spending some time with the Jewish extremists ("the spokesmen of apartheid, the unalloyed racists"), Mr. Shipler says that although their views are "certainly not endorsed by the majority of Israeli Jews . . . many elements of their attitudes can be found, somewhat diluted, in the broader reservoir of Israeli Jews, for even the most repugnant methods of stereotyping are connected to the larger questions of nationalism, military security, and religious homogeneity that find responses in the larger population."

Well, yes and no. Highlighting the few racists of Upper Nazareth inflates the importance of Israeli extremists. How broad is the "reservoir"? What are the implications of the "responses in the larger population"? Mr. Shipler is on less certain ground when he moves from topflight reporting to sociological analysis. His decision not to fit the book into the pattern of recent events such as the rise to power of the Israeli right, the withdrawal from Sinai, the war in Lebanon, and post-Lebanon Palestinian nationalism and terrorism removes much of the context necessary for such analysis.

The impulse to stereotype, after all, works in many ways, and does not exclude American perceptions of Israel. But how, for example, can one reconcile the view (one of the liberal-left's standard caricatures) of the settlement movement as zealously intransigent with the reaction to the withdrawal from Sinai, a move the Israeli right bitterly protested but eventually went along with? Or with the sharp debate among settlers sparked by the arrest of a network of Jewish terrorists? The general presentation in the Western media of the Israeli right as a monolithic bloc of reactionaries (along with a few noble mavericks) ignores the significant debates on the right, and the way these debates are shaping Israeli attitudes to the Arabs and to the possibility of a future deal for peace.

Part of the reason for this presentation is that most Western reporters speak no Hebrew or Arabic, and tend to lean heavily on English-speaking left-wing sources deeply antipathetic to the conservative philistines who took over the temple of socialist Israel in 1977. The *Jerusalem Post*, the only English-language daily published in Israel, is the chief culprit. Owned by an array of interests closely linked to Israel's socialist Labor party, the *Post* is a relentless enemy of the conservative Likud party and other right-wing forces in Israel. What the average American reader or TV viewer usually gets from reporters less conscientious than Mr. Shipler is a rehashing of the *Post*'s news. Although Mr. Shipler makes a generally successful effort to counterbalance his left-wing sources, the careful reader should note that the *Post* and reporters associated with it are cited more than thirty times in the book.

Still, *Wounded Spirits* is a valuable book, one that raises some tough and demanding questions—questions about whether the true preliminary work of "the peace process" should be targeted at educational efforts to break down barriers of ignorance and superstition; about why virtually none of the U.S. aid to Israel and some of the surrounding countries is used for at least a modest attempt to counter some of the blatantly false regional stereotypes; and about the depth and staying power of Middle East prejudices. Mr. Shipler has given us a disturbing portrait of deep trouble in the promised land, and partisans of both sides will find much to anger and dismay them. It is a book

Micah Morrison, former Israel correspondent of The American Spectator, *is deputy director of the Committee for the Free World and editor of its monthly publication,* Contentions.

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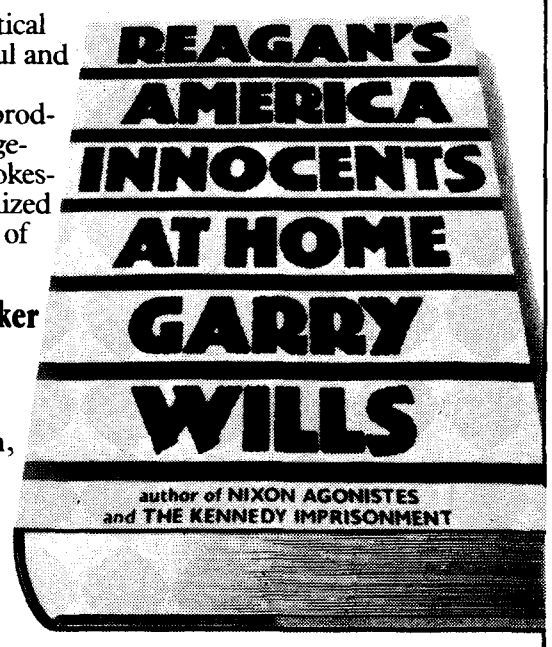

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that the partisans, above all, should not ignore.

A final word on stereotypes: When it became clear that Anwar Sadat was actually going to visit Israel back at the beginning of his search for peace, the mood in Jerusalem's Old City bordered on the wildly euphoric. Stranger congratulated stranger, Arab embraced Jew, and for a short time people spoke of their hopes and dreams for peace without embarrassment or cynicism. Sadat shattered some of the stereotypes, although the pieces soon picked themselves up and pasted themselves back together. Sadat, of course, is dead, but in these hard days for Middle East peace it may help to remember that no terrorist or army can put a bullet in people's dreams and be certain they will not rise from the grave. □

THE STORY OF ENGLISH

Robert McCrum, William Cran, and Robert MacNeil
Elisabeth Sifton Books-Viking/$24.95

Stephen Miller

Survey mankind from China to Peru, as Samuel Johnson put it, and nowadays we often find it learning English. Such is the main point of *The Story of English*, a nine-part series aired on public television stations last fall. Indeed, as Robert MacNeil, the genial host of the program, says in its companion book, "English is now everyone's second language."

The spread of English fills MacNeil with awe and wonder; it also enabled him to travel far and wide to show us its variety. The viewer of this beautifully photographed series is taken to many exotic landscapes: a bleak island in the Outer Hebrides, spectacular cliffs on the west coast of Ireland, a vast ranch in the dusty Australian outback. In search of English, MacNeil went everywhere—if not from China to Peru at least from Singapore to Sierra Leone—and also to the San Fernando Valley of California, where we get a brief taste of "Valley Girl" English. The series has its share of professors explaining things, but much of it is devoted to MacNeil's encounters with sundry locals who unconsciously betray their distinctive brand of English while hauling in fish, shearing sheep, piloting a steamboat down the Mississippi, or downing a pint in a cozy pub.

The sights and sounds of the television program are so beguiling that they make it easy to ignore the weaknesses of the series, which are more noticeable in the book. (The book, which differs only slightly from the series, lists three authors but for convenience's sake I'll speak only of MacNeil.) One weakness is MacNeil's glib anti-prescriptivism. He worships the great god Flux. Because English is always in flux, he says, "its form and expression are beyond the control of schoolteachers or governments."

True, but who ever argued that a living language could be controlled? Even Samuel Johnson, who is attacked by MacNeil for his prescriptivism, agreed that it is vain to assume one can prevent a living language from changing. But he refused to accept the argument that "if the changes we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in other insurmountable distresses of humanity." According to Johnson, "it remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure."

MacNeil will have none of Johnson's palliation, since he doesn't buy Johnson's gloominess about change. In fact, MacNeil celebrates English because it is "gloriously impure." Although he complains about bureaucratese, he welcomes most changes, including those wrought by feminists, who have given us sentences clotted with "he or she" and such solecisms as waitperson. MacNeil dismisses those who do not eagerly embrace all change by calling them the kind of people who regard the split infinitive as "the end of civilization." But who gets upset about a split infinitive? Once again, MacNeil is attacking a straw man.

MacNeil, however, is less interested in ridiculing those concerned with correct usage than in deflating the claims of so-called Standard English—the English of the BBC. Standard English, he argues, is "nothing special," and in some potted history he claims that it came into existence with the rise of the middle class. Before the late eighteenth century, no one cared about pronunciation or spelling. Samuel Johnson's prescriptivist dictionary, he argues, was published "at the very beginning of the heyday of the middle class."

There is some truth to this argument, but not much. What does it mean to say that Standard English is "nothing special"? It *is* special—not because it is superior to other forms of English but because it is the English that millions of writers use when they want to reach the widest possible audience. It is the English of the Indian novelist, R. K. Narayan, as well as the West Indian poet, Derek Walcott. Other varieties of English are mainly for local—and generally oral—use. As a Jamaican poet, Mervyn Morris, sensibly puts it: "One values greatly the Creole [the local variety of non-standard English] because it expresses things about the Jamaican experience which are not available for expression in the same force in Standard English." But we need Standard English, he adds, "because we do not want in the end to cut ourselves off from international communication."

MacNeil does acknowledge this point, but his argument gets muddled. Sometimes he seems to be only concerned with the question of pronunciation. But here too he is attacking a straw man, since few would argue that only BBC pronunciation is proper. James Murray, the great lexicographer who gave us the Oxford English Dictionary, said: "Language is mobile and liable to change, and . . . a very large number of words have two or more pronunciations current. . . . It is a free country, and a man may call a vase a *vawse*, a *vahse*, a *vaze* or a *vase*, as he pleases. And why should he not? We do not all think alike, walk alike, dress alike, write alike, or dine alike; why should not we use our liberty in speech also, so long as the purpose of speech, to be intelligible, and its grace, are not interfered with?"

At other times MacNeil seems to be arguing that all words, including Valley Girl slang, are acceptable, but on this question Murray and others would take a hard stand. Murray did not think that every word currently in use was appropriate for inclusion in the Oxford English Dictionary. Words, we might say, have their time and place, and most of the language of the Valley Girls should not be put in a dictionary—or used in most written discourse. Samuel Johnson called ephemeral slang "fugitive cant," which he said "is always in a state of increase or decay, [and] cannot be regarded as any part of the durable materials of a language." Both Murray and Johnson are talking less about correctness than clarity. Most slang words don't last long or travel well, which is why most writers use non-Standard English sparingly.

Geniuses, of course, can get away with anything. *Huckleberry Finn* is a great and very readable book even though written in a distinctly non-Standard English. But even those who championed Twain, such as Hemingway, did not follow his example. Standard English, then, should be used not because it is superior to other brands of English but simply because it is the English that most people understand—*the* conventional English. →

Stephen Miller writes frequently on politics and culture.

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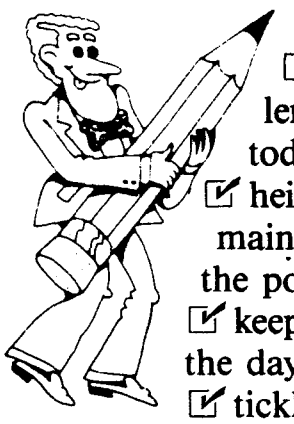

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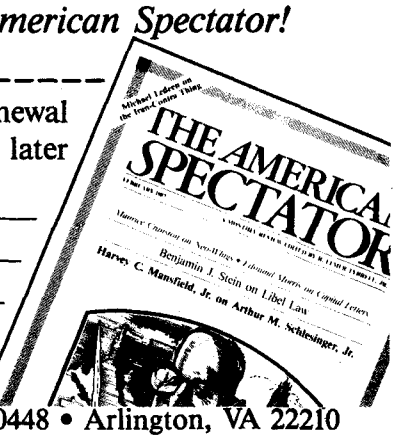

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MacNeil admits as much, but sometimes he implies that to choose Standard English over the native brand is to betray your roots. He says that David Hume was inordinately fond of things English because he tried to rid the English written by his Scottish friends of Scotticisms. But Hume, who spoke in a thick Scottish accent, actually disliked most things English, and his campaign against Scotticisms was meant to show the world that a Scotsman could write English as well as an Englishman. Writers from England, Hume strongly felt, had no special purchase on the English language.

Likewise, Standard English should not be thought of as white English. In a long chapter on black English, MacNeil rightly argues that it "is gradually being recognized as just another variety of English, neither worse nor better than the way English is spoken by Scots or New Yorkers." But to say black English is not inferior—is indeed a legitimate variety of English—still does not resolve the problem of its appropriateness in the world at large. As a black educator puts it, "we should never lose sight of the need to provide for our young people access to Standard English, which is really a gateway for them to the broader community."

Unfortunately, after quoting this woman, MacNeil goes on to say that Wilson Goode, the black mayor of Philadelphia, "has had to learn to talk white" in order to be a successful politician. But there is nothing "white" about Standard English, as MacNeil himself knows, since in the same chapter he says that many Southern whites speak a brand of English that closely resembles the English of Southern blacks. So black English is really a misnomer. Martin Luther King, I imagine, could speak it, but his famous speech, "I Have a Dream," was spoken in Standard English.

To defend Standard English is not to argue that it is a rigid and permanent body of "correct" words and usage. Purists who fret about the use of "hopefully" for "it is to be hoped" are, hopefully, few in number. Nevertheless, some changes should be lamented because they make English less precise and less elegant. Take "disinterest," which is increasingly being used to mean lack of interest rather than impartiality—being "above" interest. Thus the *Washington Post* reports that the New York business community views government employees "with disinterest or disdain," and Jane Brody of the *New York Times* writes that there is "a pervasive disinterest in sex." Those familiar with the old meaning of disinterest find this use of the word jarring and confusing. More important, the new meaning of disinterest eliminates a very good old word, one that has played an important part in English philosophical prose, and one that lacks a good synonym.

One could give many other examples to show that the story of English is not so glorious as MacNeil suggests. Nevertheless, it is hard to work up any anger about the TV show or book, since much of the non-Standard English MacNeil puts on display is fascinating in its own right. One learns, for example, an Australian expression for a woman's having had a hysterectomy: "She had a hizzie in her hozzie." Other Australianisms are also amusing if not quite clear—e.g., as mad as a gumtree full of galahs (MacNeil never tells us what a galah is). There are also some wonderful slang words that were coined on the American frontier: absquatulate (to go away or skedaddle—another superb word) and discombobulate, both of which sound as if invented by W. C. Fields. The book is a treasury of regional expressions—but it is a pity that MacNeil didn't fashion his arguments more carefully. □

FALLING TOWARDS ENGLAND (UNRELIABLE MEMOIRS CONTINUED)

Clive James/W. W. Norton/$15.95

H. W. Crocker III

Clive James is to British television what Dick Cavett is to American television—an intellectual who wants to be an entertainer, a combination bound to disappoint. The jokes of the entertainer sound silly, shallow, and low-brow when one is seeking intellection, and the literary references, invocations, and commentaries of the intellectual sound like pseudery, cant, and show when one is expecting entertainment.

But whatever doubts one might have about Clive James—and an American audience probably won't have any, not having been widely exposed to him—can be blissfully washed away by this tremendously funny second volume of his "unreliable memoirs" ("unreliable," because where fact is too arid James has sensibly employed fiction to keep things moving, and because many of the characters are composites—though hard-working, lady-killing Dave Dalziel is obviously Bruce Beresford, James's former roommate and the director of *Breaker Morant*).

Falling Towards England is the story of a young man from the provinces (in this case, Kogarah, Australia) come to make his fortune in the big city—or, in James's case, to survive in London for two years so that he can establish his residency in England and win a scholarship to Cambridge. His entry into the land of hope and glory is a humble one. "My own luggage consisted of one very large suitcase made of mock leather—i.e., real cardboard"—filled with "a valuable collection of tennis shorts, running shorts, Hawaiian shirts, T-shirts, Hong Kong thong rubber sandals, short socks, sandshoes and other apparel equally appropriate for an English winter."

He wallows in the usual horrors of an impoverished bachelorhood—he lives in filth, drinks too much, eats revolting food, is flummoxed by washing machines, and keeps his ludicrous clothes in a terrible state of disrepair. And as a twenty-two-year-old graduate of the University of Sydney, a radical socialist, a would-be poet, and a grand bohemian poseur, he sees fit to bore all his friends with his ideas on politics, art, the cinema, and literature.

He also has trouble with his landladies, including Mrs. Bennett, who "was eighty plus and walked with a stoop, which meant, since she was not very tall in the first place, that I often didn't see her before falling over her," and Hearty McHale, who "rather than see us enjoy ourselves would have called for an air strike to destroy her own house."

In addition, of course, he has trouble with women. When not, despite his socialist principles, dazzled by the beauty of the upper classes—"Sitting out there with those wonderful, hand-woven, gentleman's-relish women under the same sun, I was made invisible by my appearance, like a satyr in an old engraving who blends with a gnarled tree-trunk and its attendant shrubbery"—he suffers the usual slings and arrows of a bachelor's outrageous misfortune: "Pandora invited me back to her flat for coffee. I told myself to stay calm and it would all drop into my lap. It did, too: a steaming hot mug of Nescafé. Nothing else. Perhaps it was a tactical error to give her my standard lecture on the evils of capitalism. I gave her the short version—less than three-quarters of an hour—but before it was half over she was saying 'Really?' in the middle of each sentence as well as at the end. When I tried to kiss her on the way out I rammed her spectacle frames. It was like being thrown against a windscreen."

Most of his time, however, is spent in being fired from menial jobs for general incompetence, in shamelessly borrowing money from his friends, especially his girlfriends, and in building a personal library he can't afford. "I pursued the life of the mind as if the world owed me a living. If the mind develops at all in such circumstances, it is likely to do so leaving certain gaps, one of which will be the failure to realise that to borrow money without the intention of paying it back is a form of theft. I, on the other hand, believed that property was theft—a more glamorous idea altogether, and one which encouraged the notion that if you could induce an acquaintance to give you some of his property in the form of money you were practically a policeman."

At the end of *Falling Towards England*, James prepares to abandon his shambolic existence for the sheltered cloisters of Cambridge, expresses remorse for some of his many misdeeds, and even manages to exhibit a new political maturity. "The common ground between revolutionaries and parliamentarians is made of air. Its transparency can be rendered apparent by a very small fact. You can be in a demonstration, someone near you will pick up a stone and you will realise that you are in the wrong place. Being obliged to remember from that day forward that your fine ideas weighed less than a pebble will never be comforting, but always salutary."

It matters little whether the bulk of this unreliable memoir is fact or fiction. Scholars wishing to enshrine Clive James's place in the history of English literature—if such there be—can always devote themselves to ferreting out the truth (it's the sort of thing that keeps them out of mischief). But for the rest of us, the steam roller wit of this very funny book is its own reward. □

H. W. Crocker III is a writer and editor in Washington, D.C..

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HIS WAY: THE UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF FRANK SINATRA

Kitty Kelley/Bantam/$21.95

Terry Teachout

"I do not believe," W. Somerset Maugham wrote in 1935, "that there is any man, who if the whole truth were known of him, would not seem a monster of depravity." Maugham was talking about Cervantes, but he might just as well have been referring to Kitty Kelley's *His Way: The Unauthorized Biography of Frank Sinatra*, the most scabrous biography of a living person to be published in recent memory. *His Way* is a long and sordid catalogue of gangland friendships, suicide attempts, hulking bodyguards, and casual encounters with prostitutes. No stone is left unturned, no suppurating detail passed over in silence. We even learn that Sinatra's *Playboy* interview was ghosted. One puts down *His Way* convinced that biography affords no greater humiliations than the ones Miss Kelley has inflicted on Frank Sinatra.

With raw material like this, a more intelligent author might have produced an extraordinary social document, a quintessentially American story of fear and power and distrust. But Kitty Kelley is a dreadful and insensitive hack, the very worst kind of "Entertainment Tonight"-type trivializer. ("Frank was as much illusion and fantasy as the Great Gatsby, and Ava was as infantile and intoxicating as Daisy. Yet both belonged more to the aggressive world of Ernest Hemingway than to the sensitive realm of F. Scott Fitzgerald.") And her lack of balance is quite shameless. Witness the very first page of *His Way*, which opens with a description of Sinatra's 1938 arrest on a morals charge and immediately proceeds to supply the following information about the Sinatra family tree:

> Frank's uncle Dominick, a boxer known as Champ Sieger, had been charged with malicious mischief; his uncle Gus had been arrested several times for running numbers; his other uncle, Babe, had been charged with participating in a murder and had been sent to prison. His father, Marty, was once charged with receiving stolen goods, and his mother, Dolly, was regularly in and out of courthouses for performing illegal abortions. And Frank himself had been arrested just a month before on a seduction charge.

This passage accurately conveys the overall tone of the book. If Frank Sinatra ever did anything good, you won't find out much about it by reading *His Way*. Though Sinatra's charitable activities and personal kindnesses are cursorily described from time to time, the charitable activities are dismissed as smart press agentry and the personal kindnesses are carefully balanced with appalling tales of savage brutality impartially wreaked on friends, acquaintances, and perfect strangers who inadvertently managed to get in the way of Sinatra's bodyguards. Even the sincerity of Sinatra's current friendship with Ronald Reagan is called into question by a lengthy account of his liberal youth which is clearly designed to suggest that Sinatra would have remained a Democrat had John Kennedy not been forced to shun him because of his Mafia connections.

His Way, then, is a profoundly one-sided portrait of Frank Sinatra, a caricature of the grossest sort. But the one side portrayed by Kitty Kelley is shown in such proliferating detail that it is difficult to keep from taking it at something like face value. And while some reviewers have been put off by the obvious imbalances in Miss Kelley's recital of the facts, others have accepted her account as essentially complete. Jonathan Yardley, writing in the *Washington Post*, goes so far as to argue that the publication of *His Way* completely negates Frank Sinatra's value as an artist. "The best of Sinatra's music," he says, "may indeed be beautiful, but if listening to it is to pay honor to the man whom Kelley describes, then I have no need or desire to do so."

These self-serving remarks are, of course, absurdly disproportionate. It is one thing when, say, the Israel Philharmonic bans the music of Richard Strauss because of his association with Adolf Hitler, another thing altogether when a petulant Jonathan Yardley puts his Sinatra albums to the torch because Kitty Kelley has written a book proving that Ol' Blue Eyes pals around with mobsters and likes to have people beaten up. But Yardley's inane comments are useful to the extent that they point up a deeper imbalance in *His Way*. For Miss Kelley's account of the life of Frank Sinatra, revealing as it is, is completely divorced from the only possible reason why such a book should have been written in the first place: Sinatra's artistry.

Amazingly, Kitty Kelley has nothing whatsoever of interest to say about Frank Sinatra's singing. Her book does not address musical questions at any length. On those rare occasions when she is forced to write about the specifics of Sinatra's musical career, her prose disintegrates into utter incoherence:

> The driving basses [*sic*] and swinging reeds of Nelson Riddle supplanted the fluffy lush strings and slow tempi of Axel Stordahl, creating some of the best popular music of the era. Riddle bestowed on Frank a swinging ballad style coupled with a jazz-influenced, finger-snapping spontaneity that characterized his music and came to be known to Sinatra fans as the Capitol Years (1953-1961).

Miss Kelley brings *His Way* to a close with a coolly hypocritical nod to the artistic side of Frank Sinatra. "To those who had been touched by the magic of Frank Sinatra's music," she says, "his Mafia ties would never matter. For they had witnessed a peerless talent and that was enough." This is a simple-minded reduction of a very profound truth: Frank Sinatra's life is in the long run irrelevant to his work. Sinatra's "Mafia ties" are disgusting. They have nothing to do with his singing. He cannot be compared to, say, Richard Wagner, whose work contains a clear and relevant political aspect. Sinatra's work inside the recording studio stands on its own. He is the ultimate artist in his field, one of a bare handful of singers

Terry Teachout is a senior editor of Harper's Magazine *and a contributing editor of* High Fidelity.

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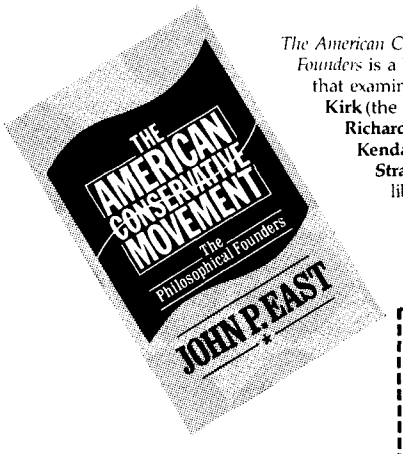

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who bring to popular music something of the expressivity and emotional depth of their classical counterparts.

Though Miss Kelley is deaf to Sinatra's achievement as a musician, *His Way* does manage to suggest some of the infinitely fascinating paradoxes with which his life abounds. How could a man capable of exchanging friendship rings with Sam Giancana have been able to perform on equal musical terms with the Hollywood String Quartet? How could a man capable of eating breakfast off the bosom of a prostitute have made albums like *Only the Lonely* or *September of My Years* or *Close to You?* But mere implication is not enough. The biographer's task is to try to explain these fantastic juxtapositions, to find form and coherence in the details of a life. Kitty Kelley, by contrast, is only interested in sifting through garbage pails. One should hardly be surprised that her efforts have turned up a pile of garbage. □

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 9)

The point has to do with the development, enactment, and subsequent enforcement of the Migrant and Seasonal Agricultural Workers Protection Act of 1983. The story implies that the Act established the fact that farm labor contractors (crew leaders) and agricultural employers are "joint employers."

MASWPA does not mention or define the term "joint employer." What happened was that the new law, in defining "agricultural employment," refers to the Fair Labor Standards Act to define "employ," "employer," and "employee," rather than repeating those definitions.

When George Miller (D-CA), that great friend of farmers and conservative leader in the House of Representatives, who was chairman of the appropriate subcommittee of the House Education and Labor Committee at the time, wrote a lengthy committee report on the bill, he took great pains to point out that MASWPA included the concept of joint employment by incorporating the definitions of the Fair Labor Standards Act.

Subsequently, when the Department of Labor developed the regulations to carry out the new law, Congressman Miller's report was taken into full consideration as a part of legislative history, and the regulations include a lengthy section defining and describing the legal precedents under FLSA as to how the courts over the years have interpreted whether a joint employment exists in a particular situation or not.

Our friends in the Legal Services program, who had not exhibited up to then any knowledge of or interest in utilizing joint employment as a means of getting at farmers, caught on fast and have since taken the attitude that all agricultural employers are joint employers with labor contractors. Since farmers tend to have deeper pockets than farm labor contractors, they prefer to file their private right of action suits against both the farmers and the contractors. Thus, farmers have been faced with numerous violations of the Act, though they have never thought of themselves as the employers of migrant workers, any more than a person hiring an electrical contractor considers himself the employer or joint employer of the electrical crew.

—C. H. Fields
Assistant Director
National Affairs Division
American Farm Bureau Federation
Washington, D.C.

Dear Subscribee

Here in Lake Jackson, as I write, dusk has fallen and the apartment is quiet; I have just returned from work to find your finely crafted solicitation waiting in the mailbox. The piercing squeal of the cat whining for dinner has abated; cigarette smoke wafts into the air as I sip a diet Coke and compose this reply. The nicotine and caffeine course through my veins: I am content.

I find I must agree with you. It has, indeed, been a fine year for *The American Spectator.* During the past few years, as your magazine has followed me from town to town here in the boonies of the Lone Star state, your "Continuing Crisis" has never failed to amuse, your editorials have consistently been enlightening, your features and columns always of the highest quality. This, never more so, than in 1986.

I am reminded of the late-night fit of recklessness that first prompted my subscription back in 1983; reminded of how foolish I felt that next sober morning as I awoke in my unheated apartment with the water-you-couldn't-drink, trying to remember exactly what I had ordered; reminded of how delighted I became when the first issue arrived and I discovered a humorous political magazine of unparalleled quality, a tabloid I could spend a few hours with in undaunted delight.

This holds true today. As I look around my bare apartment, sitting at a homemade desk a little the worse for wear and tear, I still think my subsequent decisions to renew my subscription were made in the best of light. I haven't gone in for color TVs—no stereo or modern art on the walls (although a small Southern Air Transport postcard is tacked on my bulletin board). Yet, I find I have spent my money well.

When I decided to become a reporter, I knew I wasn't entering a lucrative field. "Look up poverty," I was told. "It says, 'See Texas journalist.' " But I continue my work because I think it is important, because I believe in some simple ideas like liberty, limited government, individual initiative and responsibility. I'm glad to find you agree.

Neither do I find these ideas quaint or old-fashioned. Just the other week I was splitting a pitcher of Shiner Bock with an old college chum down at Dudley's Draw. "Bubba," I said, "I don't find these ideas quaint or old-fashioned." Unfortunately, I'd forgotten that Bubba is a linguist. I stuck to mah guns, though. When he told me "quaint" and "old-fashioned" together are redundant, I said, "Hah." And when he said that liberty is, indeed, both an idea from the olden, founding-father days, and a rather odd notion in today's liberal world, I hit him, thereby forestalling further argument.

Unfortunately, I'd also forgotten Bubba is a hell of a lot bigger than I am, and the resulting hospital bills have left me more destitute than usual. Therefore, I must respectfully decline your solicitation.

—R. Alfred McGlohon, Jr.
Lake Jackson, Texas

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 11)

a not unsuccessful career in Ohio politics, having found politics "too phony." Politics is indeed phony, but it is not pure fantasy. Hall claims he has traveled the world as a soldier of fortune for the good of the United States. My guess is that his search was for excitement. Unable to find satisfaction in the hurly-burly of the changing American scene, he thought he might at least savor the excitements of his youth. And so he went to Nicaragua. He has been interviewed on "60 Minutes." And I am reminded of the ancient ballad whose lines include: "My name it is Sam Hall, and I hate you one and all . . . damn your eyes." □

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J. MADISON

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BELLY ART

by Richard Brookhiser

You will want to take a cab to Fazil's International, especially at the time of night when you will be wanting to go. It's not that 8th Avenue at 46th Street at 11:30 on a Friday or Saturday night is dangerous, at least not for relatively young people who travel in pairs; it's just that, with Hell's Kitchen to the north, and 42nd Street to the south, and the ancient Irish bars with their spindly unlit neon signs and their staggering lit-up patrons, it's not a *pleasant* place to stroll around in. So you take a cab, and risk the cabbie thinking you are going to watch ALL MALE BURLESK or a screening of HOT CHERRIES which along with the bars, are the area's other major growth industries. A small sign announces FAZIL'S INTERNATIONAL though it looks as if it might better say ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE. If your heart has not quailed at the neighborhood, it will sink at the sight of Fazil's staircase, a long, steep shaft, the kind junkies throw cops down to break their necks. You ascend and make a left, past Turkish movie posters and a pair of ornamental palm trees. It's worth it. Fazil's International offers one of the best places in Manhattan to see Middle Eastern dancing—a.k.a. belly dancing—and certainly one of New York's cheapest nights out on the town.

The place is tiny; I'm told the food, at least when Fazil's mother cooked, was good; the cover is five dollars; the house beer is Budweiser. A six- to eight-piece band starts playing at ten. The first act comes on around midnight. There is another act later on in the morning, and general dancing off and on until dawn. Fazil's closes for the summer (no air conditioning) and for Ramadan.

Most people have a vague idea that a belly dancing club fits quite well on a sleazy sex strip. Much of the belly dancing you see outside of ethnic night spots enourages no other opinion. What you see at Fazil's—the real stuff—is not a gawkfest (I've seen a wedding party there, never a bachelor party). Some of the yupscale American women who study belly dancing as a supplement to aerobics go too far in the other direction, telling you that it is an old rite of sisterhood, performed in the harems by women for other women. Yeah, right; and the Sultan never watched. Authentic belly dancing is a tease, not rut, and more fun than it is teasing. At its best, it requires art. At its very best, it can be deeply moving.

A full routine, lasting over half an hour, consists of four or five different kinds of dance, keyed to the mood of the music. In the slow middle movement, many dancers sink to the floor and undulate on their knees, flanks, or backs. Most dancers play finger cymbals; some tap and swing canes. On the wild side, you see swords.

Classical Arab and Turkish music drives me nuts. It never goes anywhere (it was a great trick of Western composers of the last thousand years to write endings that were also conclusions). The backup for belly dancing, based on folk and popular music, is much more pleasant; Dick Clark would give it a 95 for the beat. Some of the instruments are odd—the saz, a long-necked three-stringed guitar; the oud, a Middle Eastern lute shaped like a huge ham. Fazil's also has an accordian and a clarinet. Sometimes a particular tune will become a Fazil's hit. Two years ago, a jaunty ditty comparing love to a dum-dum bullet became as unavoidable as "Satisfaction" in the summer of 1965.

Fazil is a Turk, as are most of the musicians and many of the performers. This opens the vexed question of national styles. Most belly dancing in this country is Egyptian. Egyptians don't do floor work, and they make more use of props—dancing on upside-down glasses, balancing canes on their breasts, that kind of thing. I might like it better if it had been my introduction to the dance, but the Turkish style seems to me more varied and less hokey. Egyptian presumes foot-lights and floor-shows, Turkish suggests the neighborhood bar, or a party at home or in a tent.

Half the crowd on a typical night are typical New Yorkers, slaking their insatiable thirst for the exotic; the other half are Turks, enjoying the typical. You will see fierce physiognomies, men who look as if they fought at the sack of Delhi, like maybe last week. They are in fact the friendliest crowd in the world, welcoming every effort you make to dance (it is easy, just watch the regulars).

What about the dancers you've come to see? Some of them, frankly, aren't good. Most are an inoffensive okay. One of Fazil's regulars, happily, is one of the best in New York. She dances under the stage name of Elena (though they all come from Long Island or someplace, American women dance under names that make them sound as if they've come direct from Ankara). One of the best things about belly dancers is that they don't burn out at twenty-five, like ballerinas. I don't know Elena, and even if I did I wouldn't ask her age. But she has to be on the far side of forty; she certainly has a very grown-up daughter who watches her act from the wings. No matter. Elena has what it takes. The success of her shows is a result of a combination of attention to detail and hard, hard work. She knows exactly what she wants to do at all times, and she unfailingly pulls it off. When she finishes a set, her skin is glittering with sweat, and the floor is covered with bills.

My other favorite dancer performs only rarely at Fazil's. Though she was born in the USA, she is Armenian, so her stage name and her real name—Anahid—are the same. You can tell dancers of her caliber by the fact that they dance with their hands. Whatever they are doing goes all the way out their arms to their fingertips, and for about a foot beyond. Anahid's forte is stop-on-a-dime changes in mood. The best performance I ever saw her give was at a party in her loft. Her floorwork that night could only be described as painful and heroic—like Beckett characters crawling through the mud, only beautiful. When she had finished, she shifted without pause to her finale, a flirtatious gypsy dance, complete with obscene hand gestures, which work only if it is absolutely clear they are not serious. From the depths to the heights (of frivolity, anyway), in the kick of a heel.

The last time I wrote about an offbeat spot—the Showboat Lounge in Bellevue, Kentucky[1]—I got an irate anonymous letter from a patron who thought I had been running the place down, so perhaps I should make it perfectly clear, for the benefit of the obtuse, that I like Fazil's. A note on tipping: it is not cool to stuff money in a dancer's costume. Peel off your roll over her head, or throw a fistful of cash, like green confetti. Applause is always welcome. Check your local paper for Ramadan. □

Richard Brookhiser, managing editor of National Review, *is the author of* The Outside Story *(Doubleday).*

[1] *The American Spectator,* April 1986.

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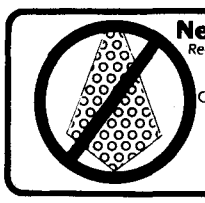

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CURRENT WISDOM

Minneapolis Star and Tribune Sunday Magazine

Ornate droppings from Dr. Peter G. Bourne, chief quack of the late Jimmy Carter's White House:

Fidel Castro has been in power longer than any other world leader except Jordan's King Hussein. In "Fidel" (Dodd, Mead), psychiatrist and foreign-affairs expert Peter G. Bourne takes a close look at Cuba's leader.

Q. What makes Fidel Castro tick?

A. He is a man of extraordinary energy, ambition and intellect. Much of his early drive came from the fact that he was illegitimate. . . . He modeled himself after Cuba's hero, Jose Marti, adopting his speaking style and handwriting. He frequently worked several days at a stretch without sleep. During the two years he spent as a political prisoner in the mid-1950s, he read 1,000 books, from Shakespeare to Freud.

Q. Has he changed?

A. Since the death, in 1980, of Celia Sanchez, his companion of 20 years, and after possibly suffering a mild heart attack in 1983, he has mellowed. . . .

Q. What do the Cuban people think of Castro?

A. It's a little difficult to tell how people in a dictatorship feel, but in general Castro remains overwhelmingly popular. . . . Before his revolution, the vast majority lived close to starvation; now everyone is well-fed. Their health-care system is one of the best in the world, and their system of education is excellent. Life expectancy has gone up about 20 years . . .

Q. How will history judge him?

A. As one of the titans of the century.

Q. What is your most telling story about him?

A. When his guerrilla force landed in Cuba in 1956, all but 12 were killed or captured. The rest wanted to turn themselves in. But not Fidel.

[November 2, 1986]

In These Times

Democracy! What Gorbachev wants and Reagan fears as retailed by an editorialist at *In These Times*:

One reason Gorbachov gave for his campaign of democratization was that it would help end the Cold War and bring victory against the Soviets' "enemy." This enemy "sees us clearly," he said. "They are not frightened by our nuclear might. They will not start a war," but they are "frightened about one thing: if democracy develops here, if we succeed, we will win."

Gorbachov is probably correct in believing that the Reagan administration and other Cold Warriors fear democracy in the Soviet Union. A truly open and democratic society there would undermine the strongest ideological basis of post-World War II American foreign policy. But the American people have nothing to fear and everything to gain from such a development. And, of course, the Soviet people are exerting pressure in many ways to move toward that end.

[January 14-20, 1987]

Spectator

Mr. Richard Jackson Barnet of the venerable Institute for Policy Studies throws himself on the mercy of Her Majesty's judicial system and clears the good names of Cuban Intelligence and the KGB:

The settlement was announced in the High Court recently of a libel action brought against the *Spectator* by Mr Richard Jackson Barnet, the author of a book entitled *Allies: America Europe and Japan since the War.* Mr Barnet is also a senior fellow, co-founder and former co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, an independent and respected centre in Washington DC devoted to research on public policy issues.

It was said on behalf of Mr Barnet that he had brought the action to clear his name of an allegation made in a letter published in the *Spectator* in its issue of 7 April 1984 accusing him of being a mainstay of the Institute of Policy Studies, which was described as being a major front for Cuban Intelligence, itself controlled by the KGB. The *Spectator* accepted that neither Mr Barnet nor the Institute was a front for Cuban Intelligence and that neither was controlled by the KGB. It apologised to Mr Barnet and agreed to pay his legal costs.

[December 20/27, 1986]

Tokyo Weekender

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[June 20, 1986]

Progressive

How young Eric got published in the *Progressive* and may get published again and again:

We need to get more progressive ideas into general circulation if we want to affect the body politic in the United States. We need to get into other publications the kind of discourse found in the Letters pages of *The Progressive*.

Toward this end, I suggest that every reader who has ever written a letter to *The Progressive* or has ever thought of doing so ought to write at least one letter to a local newspaper or a general-circulation magazine. Such letters can be a kind of grassroots participation in democracy. Arguing among ourselves, while important, just isn't enough.

—Eric N. Lindblom
Palo Alto, California
[February 1987]

Vegetarian Times

A proposal sure to be ventilated at the 1988 Democratic National Convention and to be boomed forth from the august pulpit of New York's Riverside Church:

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If you cannot adopt a cow at this time, please send whatever contribution you can to encourage us, in exchange, we will send you a delicious special prasadam gift, homemade at Gita-nagari. . . .

[November 1986]

Washington Post

Miss Jeanette S. Miller apprises readers of the *Post*'s squall page of achievements of a higher civilization:

Do apes abuse their offspring, batter their mates and others, perform ghastly experiments on other species, degrade the environment and devise ever-more-efficient ways to reduce the world to rubble? No. A quick reading of any daily paper will confirm that it is the human animal who has brought inhumane behavior to its present state of the art. If we were to start "acting like apes," that might be a real advance.

[December 20, 1986]

City on a Hill

The incomparable newspaper of U. Cal. Santa Cruz reports on the urbane thoughts of Wendy Chapkis, revolutionary, before she turned herself over to the plastic surgeons:

Chapkis said that she "lived for years and years in a very supportive feminist environment": she was nurtured as a feminist while at UCSC as an undergraduate, and later in Berkeley. Her feminist politics led her to stop wearing make-up or shaving, and she never felt "different." She explained that she always had facial hair, but she was never aware of it—or concerned about it—during her life within the Bay Area feminist community.

However, in 1979, Chapkis moved to Amsterdam to work at the Institute for Policy Studies. "I went from counter culture to high culture in a trans-Atlantic flight," she said in an interview with *City on a Hill*, and suddenly her appearance became a major concern.

"I looked like a Bay Area dyke," in hiking boots and a down jacket, she said bluntly. She also "looked sexually ambiguous," which caused problems in a culture where the language is gender specific. Chapkis faced harassment, hostility, and embarrassment when people misidentified her as a male. Men shouted crude remarks, such as "Hey, Ugly!," and pointed and laughed at her on buses and in the street.

[January 8, 1987]

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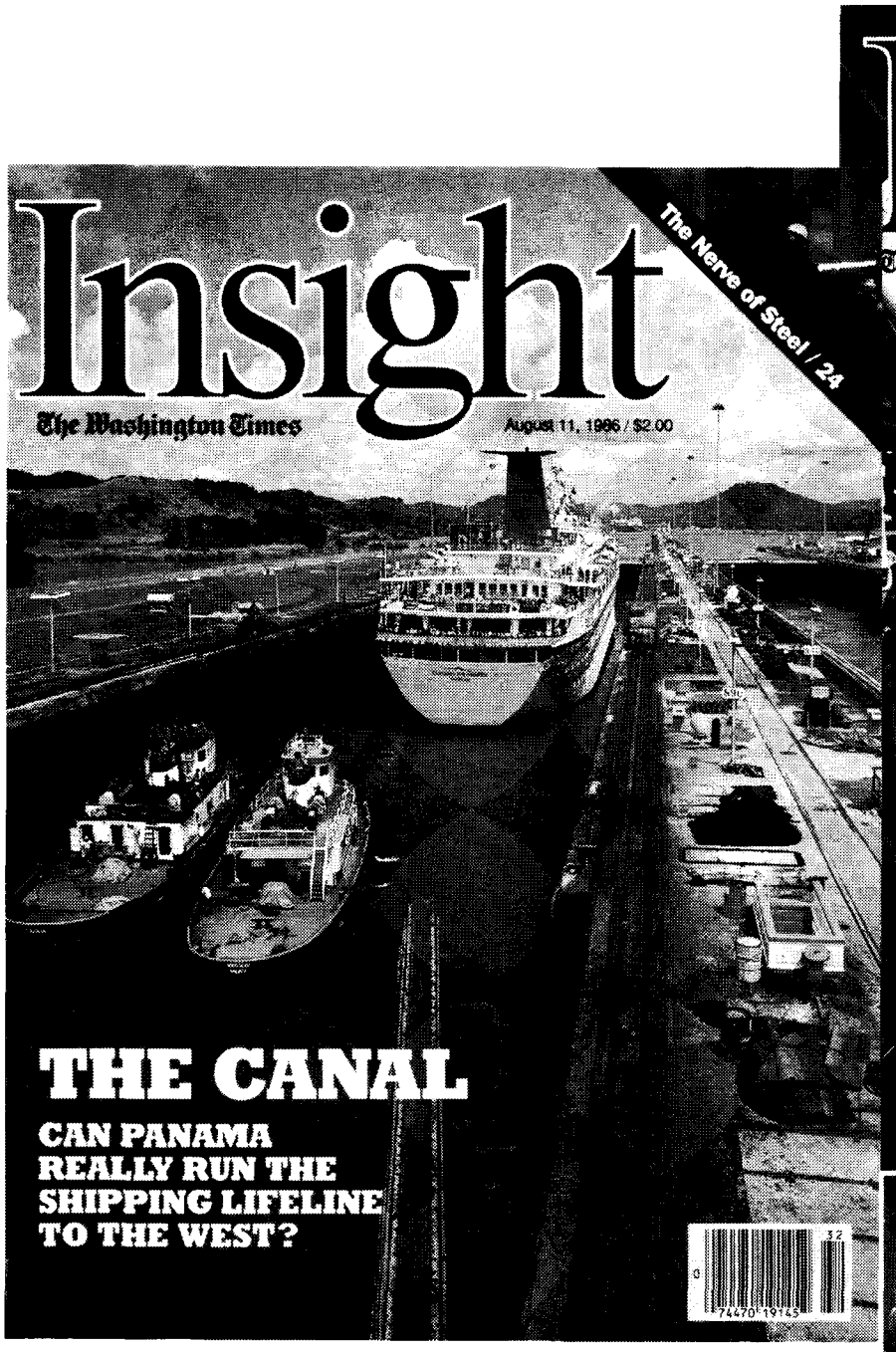
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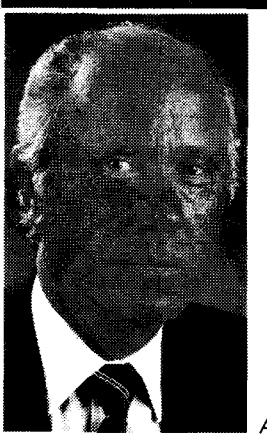

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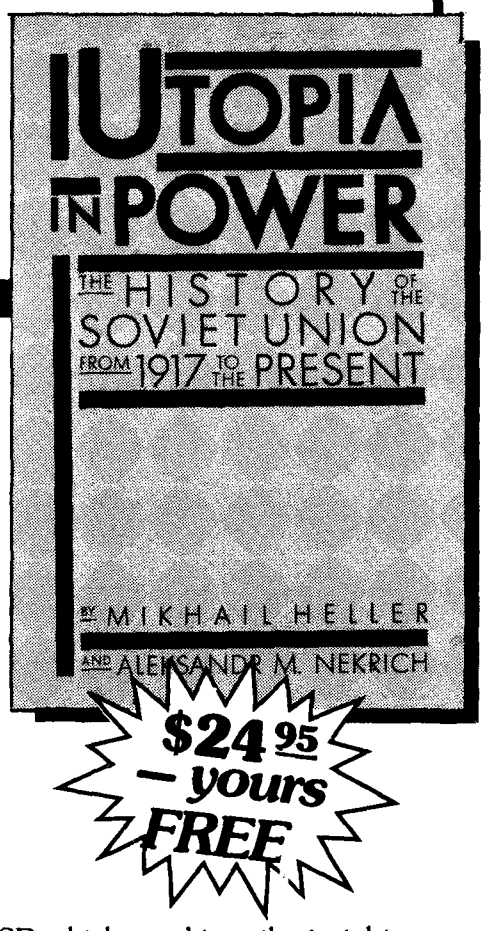

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